Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 79.—Vol. VI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 7, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *E. Bieber, Berlin*

The Crown Prince of Germany and his bride, Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin

No. 79.—Vol. VI.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Evolution of an English Town: Being the story of the ancient town of Pickering, in Yorkshire, from pre-historic times up to the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and five." By Gordon Home. (J. M. Dent: 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Flute of Pan." By John Oliver Hobbes. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

"Among the Cranks." By James Greenwood. (Jarrold: 3s. 6d.)

"A Guardsman Japanese." By Sadi Grant. (Digby Long: 6s.)

"A Village Chronicle." By Katharine S. Macquoid. (Digby Long: 6s.)

"The Storm of London." By F. Dickberry. Cheaper edition. (John Long: 1s.)

"Le Selve." By Ouida. Sixpenny Reprint. (John Long.)

"The Golden Tooth." By J. Maclaren Cobban. Cheap edition. (Digby Long: 6d.)

"How I became a Judge." By Mr. Justice Rater. (J. B. Nichols and Sons: 1s.)

Methuen's Standard Library of Reprints: "Gibbons's Decline and Fall," Vol. II., paper covers, 1s.; "The Poems of John Milton, Vol. I., 'Paradise Lost,'" paper covers, 6d.; "Poems and Plays of Oliver Goldsmith," cloth, 1s.

O'Shea's Guide to Spain and Portugal. (A. and C. Black: 10s. 6d.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

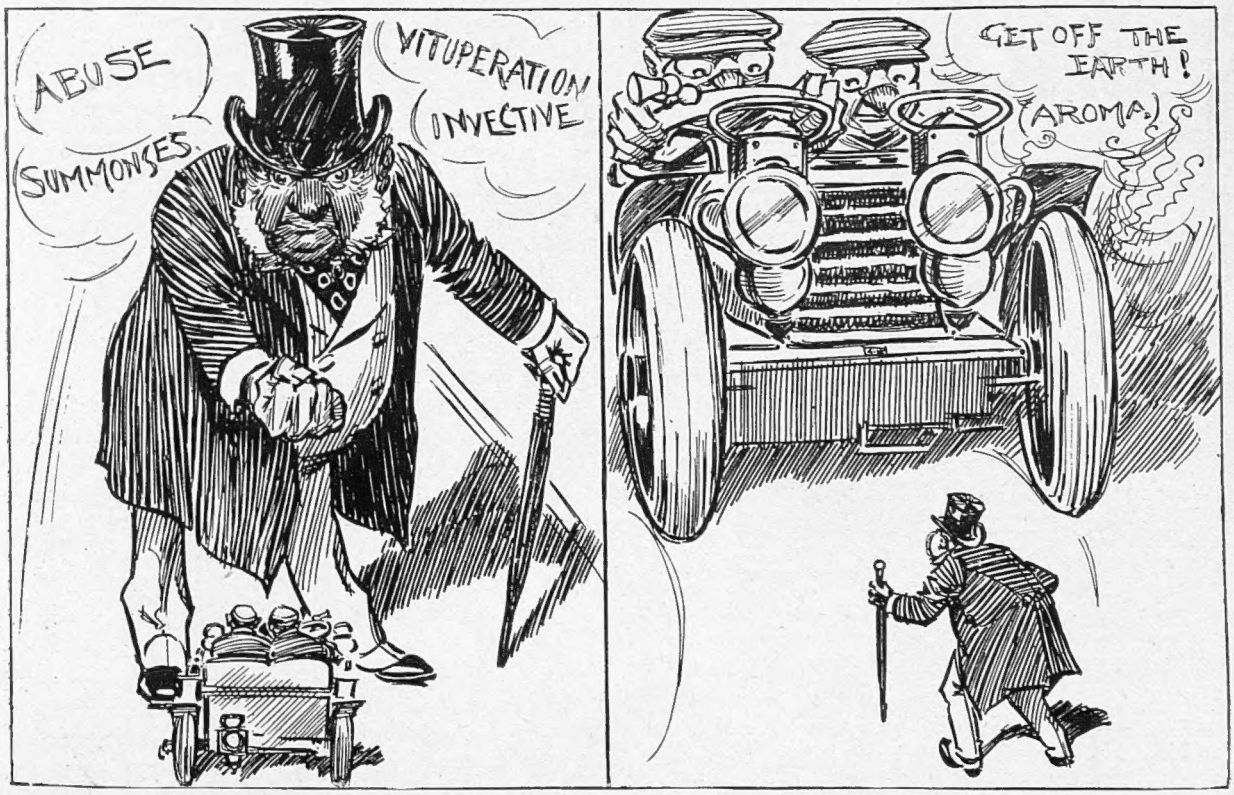
London: Wednesday, June 7, 1905

The great event of the past week has been the Russian débâcle in the Far East It has dwarfed everything else, as, indeed, it naturally would do, for it is not only an event in the history of the world, but it marks the definite entry into the world's politics of a coloured nation, which must henceforth be considered as a great Power; and it marks the downfall and political extinction, for some years at any rate, of a Power, until a bare eighteen months ago, considered the most invincible and powerful factor for peace or war in the world.

* * *

The news of the stupendous defeat which Admiral Rohjdestvensky's fleet suffered, has made the world stare aghast. It was not expected that he would succeed in obtaining the command of the sea from Admiral Togo, but it was at least expected that he would ameliorate, to some extent, Russia's condition in the Far East. With five splendid battleships, and a number of lesser vessels, even those who had little faith in Russia's ability to change the aspect of affairs to any great extent, believed he would render some account of himself. But the holocaust is complete. The Russian admirals, including Rohjdestvensky himself, who is badly wounded, are prisoners, and in return he has done very slight damage to the Japs, who have, in fact, profited from the encounter by capturing several excellent warships.

THE MOTOR PROBLEM



TWO POINTS OF VIEW

Pedestrian as he appears to Motorist

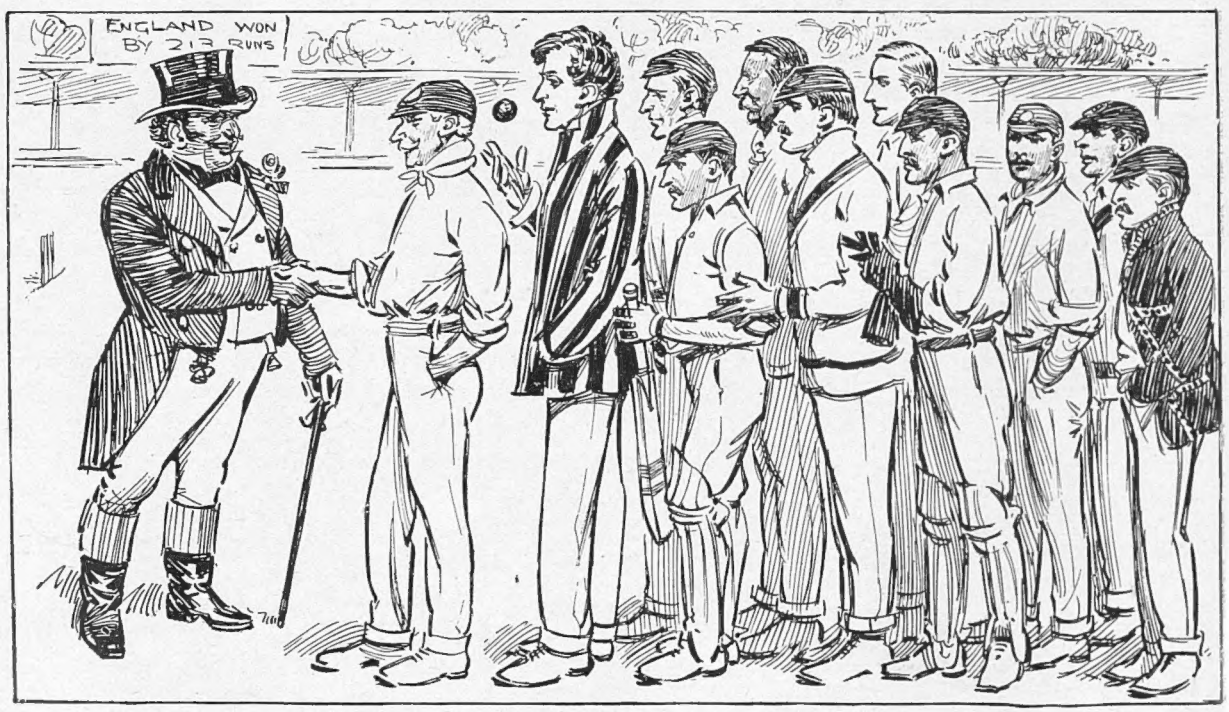
Motorist as he appears to Pedestrian

From a sentimental point of view, the Russian admiral's frightful disaster is not one that can be viewed by our nation with great sorrow. Admiral Rohjdestvensky, personally, we recognise as a brave man, who led a forlorn hope at his Emperor's command, well knowing that his inefficient armament and his dearth of *personnel* would militate against any prospects of ultimate victory, and we could feel some regret for a brave man thus sacrificing himself for what he considered his nation's good. But his fleet, in its career from the Baltic to the Pacific, has treated neutral shipping with such contempt—and especially that sailing under the British flag—and he has, moreover, evinced such a cynical disregard to observing neutrality in foreign ports, that he has alienated such sympathy as he might otherwise have

greatest naval action tha[illegible] aken place since Trafalgar, is that [illegible]n who man warships and fight the guns are more important than anything else; strength on paper proves nothing, for, when it comes to action, it is the *personnel* first and last. This has been proved again and again in every naval engagement in past and present times, and is a fact we can congratulate ourselves upon, for the manning of our navy is of the highest degree of excellence.

* * *

The question now is, what will this defeat spell in the future? Russia's downfall marks a period in history. It affects the balance of power, and not entirely to the satisfaction of this country. Russia has for long been a bugbear to us, and has been



"ONE (TEST)—AND ALL'S WELL!"

J. B.: "Well done, Jackson—very well done, indeed"

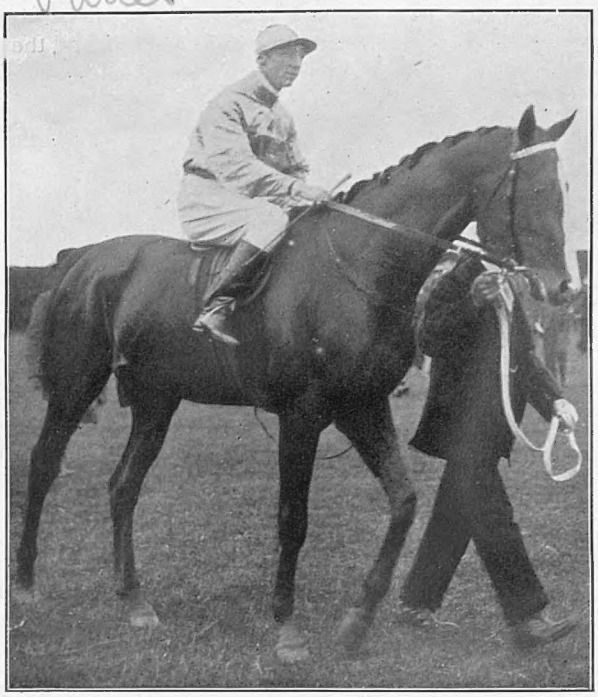
commanded. There has been, indeed, a striking contrast during this war between the incivilities and discourtesies of Russia, and the invariably correct attitude of Japan.

* * *

All the fates seem to have united against Admiral Rohjdestvensky. His one aim was to reach Vladivostock, and to attain this, he took every possible precaution to avoid the Japanese fleet. Yet, at the moment when Togo attacked him, his formation was the very worst possible one he could have selected, for his strength was wasted by being in the wrong position. Of course, all the chances lay with Togo, who, not only was at home in the waters of the Japan Sea, but could select the psychical moment for attack. The lesson to be learnt from this, the

considered as a country of hostile intentions so far as we are concerned. In a way, this has been a fallacious belief, for commercially she, of all nations, has come least into competition with us, while she has been a large customer of our manufactures. Germany is the European nation which gains most by the elimination of Russia from European politics, for certainly Russia will be a negligent factor for some time to come. Commercially, Germany is our most important European rival, and her military and naval strength, always formidable, is increased by Russia's impotence. Her population is increasing rapidly, and is now nearly twenty millions more than France. This and the ambitious projects of her rulers were the cause originally of the Franco-Russian Alliance, both participants dreading her growing power. France now stands alone for all

practical purposes. Even if an alliance with France were contemplated as a set-off against Germany and her Triple Alliance, it would not operate very successfully. A struggle between any of the Continental Powers would be naturally a military war, and there our assistance would be very limited. Germany, therefore, so far as we can see, without firing a gun, or even employing the use of diplomacy, has benefited so considerably, that if she adopts in the future aggressive tactics it will be difficult to check her. Possibly, the carnage and expense of this war may lead people to look less favourably to arms for the settlement of a quarrel, and thus encourage peaceful arbitration. Possibly, too, in Russia's moment of supreme disaster the seeds have been sown of her future greatness. There is every tendency that the people are now thoroughly roused, and once she shakes off the paralysing influence of government by autocracy, her vast population, the industrious character of her peasantry, and her enormous mineral resources, will before long bring her, if wisely ruled, not merely to her old position, but among the very vanguard of the nations.

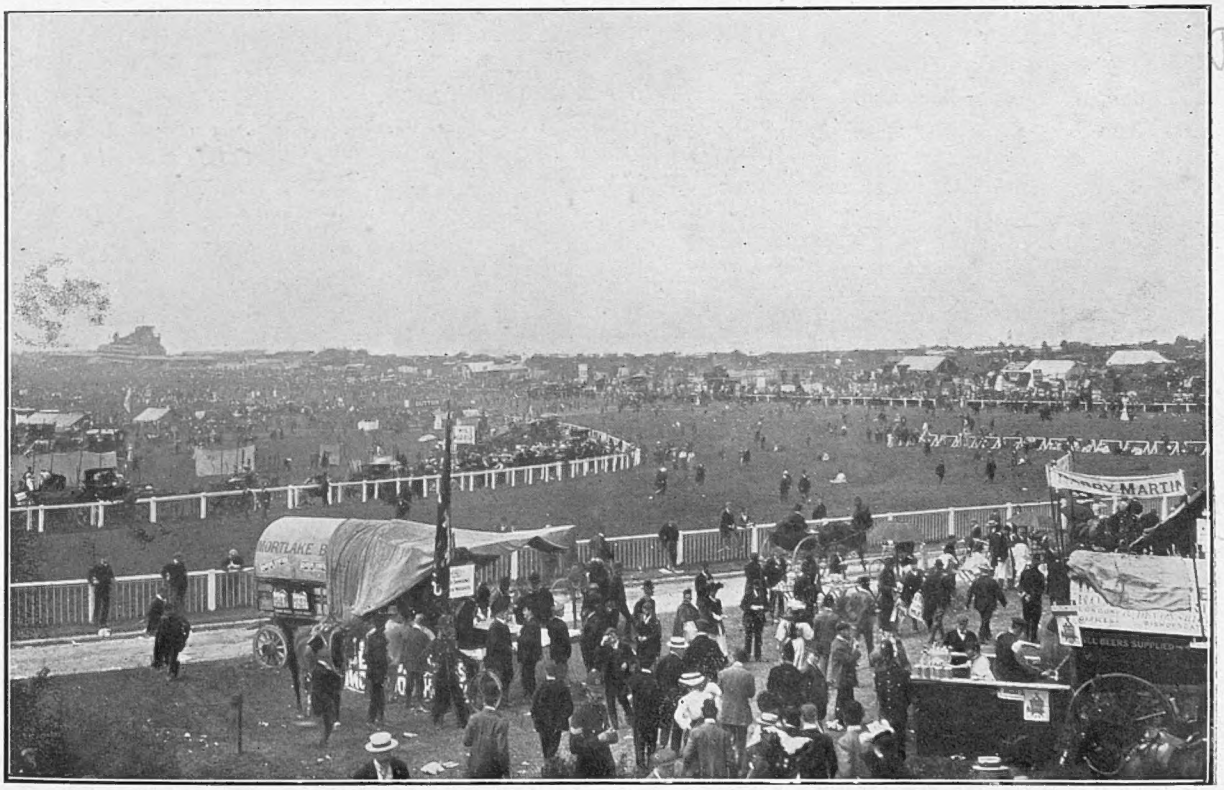


Cicero, the winner of the Derby (D. Maher up)

Lord Rosebery came in for the heartiest congratulations at winning his third Derby

* * *

Sport—including even the first Test Match and the Derby—was eclipsed by the Russian defeat, and even during the progress of the match at Nottingham, an eye-witness tells us, the public seemed more keen to see the latest telegrams from the Far East than the latest cricket scores—which is something to marvel at in cricket enthusiasts. But the victory of England over Mr. Darling's eleven was a thoroughly meritorious one, and the heroes of the day, Mr. F. S. Jackson and Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet, are warmly to be congratulated. The Derby was a foregone conclusion, and Lord Rosebery, with his third win of the Blue Riband, had the additional satisfaction of seeing Cicero, his splendid colt, bred in his own stable, beat Jardy, the representative of France.



Derby Day at Epsom: A novel view of Tattenham Corner

Tattenham Corner, familiar as it is to the public, is not often seen illustrated. We are enabled to publish a view of this most famous corner of the most famous racecourse in the world by special permission of the South Eastern Railway

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

Lord and Lady Aberdour

Photo by *Bassano*

Lady Aberdour (née Miss Brenda Hay)

Whose marriage to Lord Aberdour was celebrated last Monday. Lady Aberdour is a daughter of Lord John Hay

Of interest to the Royal family is one of the first of this week's many notable marriages—that of Lord Aberdour, eldest son of Lord and Lady Morton, old friends of Their Majesties, to Miss Brenda Hay. Lord Aberdour bears one of the oldest courtesy titles at present existent, and the Earl of Morton is chief of many titled families. He is the twenty-first holder of his peerage, and lineal descendant of that Morton who played so sinister a rôle in the story of Mary Queen of Scots. Lord Aberdour is the eldest of five brothers, and he has been for some years one of the greatest *partis* in Society. His bride is a daughter of Lord and Lady John Hay.

The New Head of St. Paul's

The Rev. A. E. Hillard, who has been appointed to the Head Mastership of St. Paul's School, in the place of Dr. Walker, has been, for the past five years, Head Master of Durham School. Previous to that, he was chaplain at Clifton College. St. Paul's has a reputation, second to none of our public schools, for its scholarly attainments, for which the guidance of Dr. Walker is mainly responsible, and everyone will wish St. Paul's the same success when Mr. Hillard assumes the Head Mastership as has attended it in the past. Mr. Hillard is quite a young man still—he is on the right side of forty—and obtained a First Class in Mods. at Oxford in 1887.

Mr. Marshall Hall

Mr. Marshall Hall, whose portrait we publish below, made a rash offer while addressing his constituents recently. He offered "three acres and a cow" to any of his listeners who would undertake to work the same as a going concern. One of his audience, who turned out to have a knowledge of agriculture and dairy farming, promptly closed, but we understand that subsequently the offer was found not to have been seriously meant.

Lord Radstock

Lord Radstock is not unknown in certain circles as a lay preacher, and the other Sunday evening was preaching to a select band of twenty or so at a small hall in Eccleston Street, Mayfair. Lord Radstock is the grandson of the first peer, who was vice-admiral of the Blue in the victory over the Spanish off Cape Lagos in 1797. His lordship has a very beautiful place, Mayfield, near to Southampton.

Photo by *Whitlock*

Mr. Marshall Hall

Who recently made a sporting offer of "three acres and a cow," and revoked immediately his offer was taken seriously

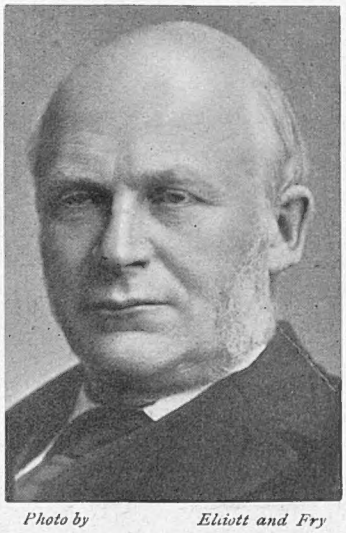


Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Radstock

Who preached a "lay sermon" in a small hall in Eccleston Street, last week, on "Immediate Salvation"

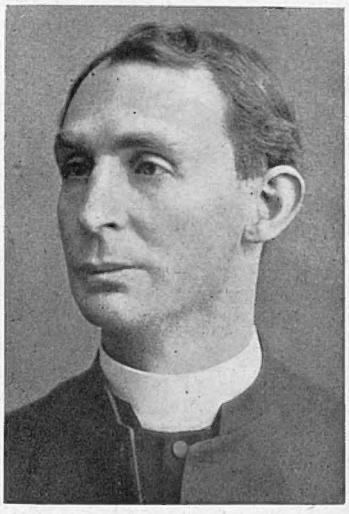


Photo by *Bacon*

The Rev. A. E. Hillard

The new Head of St. Paul's, and former Head Master of Durham

Weddings of the Week

Photos by

Lady Margaret Compton
Only daughter of the Marquis of Northampton

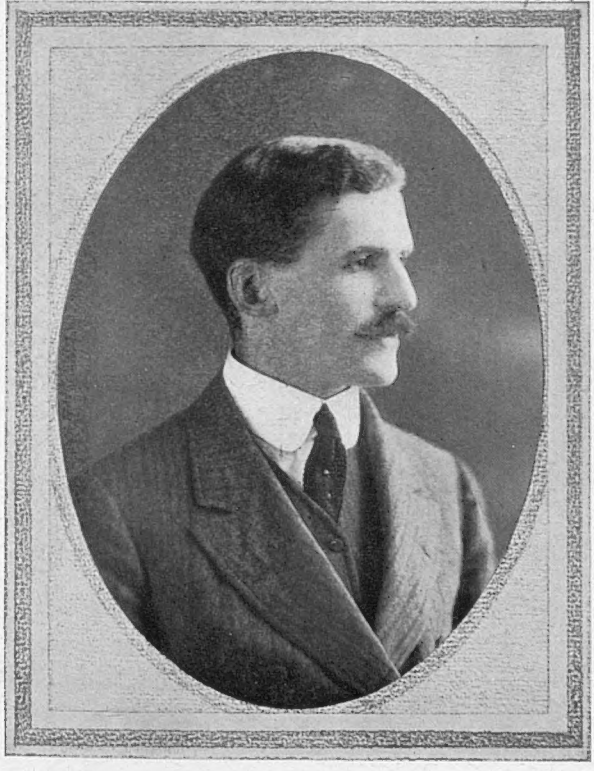
H. Walter Barnett

Lord Loch, D.S.O.
Brevet-Major in the Grenadier Guards

AN ARMY WEDDING

A Poetic Bridal

It rarely happens that a bride has already made a great reputation as a poet before becoming a wife. This, however, is the pleasant fate which has befallen the young daughter of the late Professor W. K. Clifford, whose marriage to-day (June 7) will



Photos by

Mr. Fisher Dilke
Nephew of Sir Charles Dilke

Keturah Collings

Miss Ethel Clifford
The author of two volumes of verse

A WEDDING OF INTEREST IN POLITICAL AND LITERARY CIRCLES

A Great Political Hostess

bring together a great gathering of distinguished political and literary folk to St. Margaret's, Westminster. Miss Clifford's bridegroom is Mr. Fisher Wentworth Dilke, a nephew of Sir Charles Dilke, but, as yet, he has shown no political ambitions. Miss Clifford has published two volumes of verse, both with Mr. John Lane—that patron of young poets. Her work has many admirers in America, as well as on this side of the Atlantic, and it is to be hoped that marriage will not cause her to lay aside her really delicate and original gift.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Lady Lansdowne

The great political hostess, who will entertain the King of Spain this evening (June 7)

A Peer's Marriage

The marriage of Lord Loch to Lady Margaret Compton is, perhaps, the most interesting of this week's bridals. The bridegroom is one of our bravest and most distinguished officers; he is descended, through his mother, from the great Lord Clarendon, and he is said to possess remarkable administrative ability. The latest addition to our peeresses is the only daughter of the Marquis of Northampton, and she inherits the dark beauty of her race. Her mother was a daughter of that Lord Ashburton, and of Louisa, Lady Ashburton, who were on such intimate terms with Thomas Carlyle and his shrewd, sharp-tongued wife. Lady Loch, though she had the misfortune to lose her mother when in earliest girlhood, has had a most interesting life, and has met most of the noted people of the day. No young Englishwoman has been more favoured in the matter of her homes, for, in addition to Compton Wynyates, Lord Northampton is owner of Castle Ashby, and also of a property in the Isle of Mull.

Lady Lansdowne

In the year in which Lord Lansdowne began, as a smart young Whip, that Ministerial career which has developed so brilliantly, he married Lady Maud Evelyn Hamilton, the youngest daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn. For thirty-five years, Lady Lansdowne, whose portrait we give, has been at her husband's right hand, in India, in Canada, at Lansdowne House, and in Downing Street. She is a great hostess, and fills one of the first positions in

Photo by *Manuel Asenjo*

The King of Spain posing for the Archduchess Gabrielle of Austria

This amusing photograph shows the young Archduchess Gabrielle-Marie-Therese posing King Alfonso for his photograph. The young Archduchess is the daughter of Archduke Frederic, and her rides and rambles with the King of Spain afforded, at the time, plenty of opportunity for that apparently absorbing topic—the young King's much-deferred betrothal

A Dress Rehearsal of the Sherborne Pageant

The Third Episode in the great Sherborne Pageant: The death of Ethelbald and the coming of Alfred, A D. 860

Sherborne is surpassing itself this year. In order to commemorate the twelve hundredth anniversary of the founding of its bishopric by Ina, King of Wessex, from which date (A.D. 705) the town virtually commenced its existence, a splendid pageant is to take place on June 12, 13, 14, and 15

Photos by *F. Goodfellow*

The Ninth Episode in the great Sherborne Pageant: The expulsion of the monks, 1539

The Pageant will take the form of a folk-play, in Twelve Episodes, which has been written by Mr. Louis N. Parker. Representing historic scenes in the life and progress of the town, some 800 performers, all dressed in costumes contemporary with the various episodes of the play, will take part

Two Heroes of the First Test

English Society as few could do it. Lady Lansdowne, belongs, as a matter of course, to the Orders of the Crown of India and of Victoria and Albert, and is a Lady of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

King Alfonso

Our Royal guest from Spain stands alone among Christian sovereigns (of whom he is, by official style, the "most Catholic") in having been born a king, the death of his father preceding his birth by a short interval. Before this year, Alfonso XIII. has never been outside the Peninsula, and he is considered a Spaniard of the Spaniards, in spite of his blood. Like all his famous family, he is an ardent sportsman, though he is, they say, not so good a shot as he would like to be. He swims, rides, cycles, and "motes," loves the military, and is a great linguist—at ten he could speak three languages. Still unmarried at nineteen, he appears to be thought somewhat backward in this respect. The Archduchess Gabrielle-Marie-Therese, who, in our illustration, is posing King Alfonso for his portrait, is the daughter of Archduke Frederic. She is a very keen amateur photographer, a taste which she shares with the King of Spain. Their rambles together afforded the gossips excellent opportunities for the discussion of a favourite topic —the young King's marriage.

Photos by *Foster*

Mr. S. J. T. Bosanquet

One of the heroes of the first Test Match, who took eight Australian wickets in the second innings

The Sherborne Pageant

The local patriotism of the Western men is, as everybody knows, only exceeded by their national patriotism, of which, as history well records, the men of Dorset, as well as those of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, have ever given devoted proof. And on Whit Monday the dwellers in the charmed Vale of Blackmore are going to Sherborne to give vent to the pride they have in their ancestry and traditions by presenting, in the form of a pageant, as fine a pastoral folk-play as has been seen in our country. The pageant, which has been written and produced by Mr. Louis N. Parker, will take place in the open air within the ruins of Bishop Roger's Norman castle, which was built about 1135. The whole district is rich in historical associations, for ever since 705, when Ina, King of Wessex, founded a Minster in the village by the "clear brook," from which the town takes its name, Sherborne has been famous. The pageant will show, in Twelve Episodes, various incidents in the life of the town, and as these will be represented in contemporary costume, the effect, both in harmony of colour and of design, will be magnificent. Something like eight hundred performers will take part, and success is assured by four thousand reserved tickets being sold. Four days will be given to this splendid celebration of Sherborne's twelve hundredth birthday.

The Hon. F. S. Jackson

Captain of the English Team in the First Test, who started a run of luck for England by taking three wickets in one over at the close of the first day's play

A Great Character Singer

A striking poster of Madame Yvette Guilbert

Madame Yvette Guilbert is now appearing at the Haymarket Theatre, in a series of special matinées, entitled, "Deux Siècles de Chansons," comprising Chansons Pompadour (period, 1730), and Chansons Crinoline (period, 1830)

Random Jottings

Women as Booking-Clerks

Are women booking-clerks desirable? In the opinion of the Chairman of the Railway Clerks' Association they are, but we fancy that that opinion will not be generally endorsed. We are not speaking as misogynists when we say that, for our own part, we cannot endorse it. We are speaking merely as individuals who have occasionally to catch trains.

An Impossible She

It is not that women lack the necessary intelligence to be booking-clerks. So far as intelligence goes, women can be anything. They can be poets, artists, doctors, or typists. A woman Prime Minister is not beyond the bounds of our conception. A woman booking-clerk is another matter. A booking-clerk ought to be as near an automaton as a human being can be. An automaton would, in fact, be a good deal better for the purpose of issuing such things as tickets than any human being. But if human beings must be employed for the purpose, let them be men. Women cannot be automatic for any length of time.

The Reasons Why

The truth of this is obvious—and, indeed, trite—to anyone who is in the habit of buying stamps at a post-office. To any man—perhaps one should say. Women do not mind spending a little time buying stamps. Men do, and often wonder why it is that stamps take so long to buy—without, as a rule, arriving at any satisfactory solution. Sometimes, it seems as though the act of selling stamps necessitates a constant rearrangement of the hair; sometimes, as though a post-card could not be vended without a cheerful interchange of conversation between several young ladies. Still, one can afford to wait for stamps. Five or ten minutes does not make so much difference when one is buying stamps. With trains it does matter. Trains will not wait for hair-pins to be shifted—at least, they will not at present. But, perhaps, if the railway companies think of introducing women booking-clerks, they will go further, and

The new turbine steamer, "Manxman," which has been added to the Midland Railway service of steamers between Heysham and Belfast

The accompanying illustration shows the new turbine-driven steamer, "Manxman," when steaming at 23 knots, a speed never before realised by any merchant vessel fitted with this new system of propulsion. The vessel—which has been built by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, Ltd., at their naval construction works, Barrow-in-Furness—is owned by the Midland Railway Company, and is intended specially for the Douglas service from the new harbour at Heysham, and the internal arrangement is as far in advance of the usual accommodation on such vessels as is the speed. The vessel is 330 feet long and 43 feet beam, and the accommodation consists almost entirely of large saloons, with a number of state rooms to suit night service, should it be desired to have an extended trip

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE

THOMAS: "Now then! Wot are you 'angin' about 'ere for—whistlin' and kickin' up a row?"

URCHIN: "All right, sonny! I was whistlin' for you. 'Thort p'raps as 'ow it wur yer night off!"

DRAWN BY ERNEST AMES

introduce women engine-drivers as well. Then, of course, trains would wait. Only we might have to walk instead of travelling by them.

M.P.'s at School

Sir Oliver Lodge declared last week that some day politicians would have to be trained like teachers and engineers. Our correspondent forecasts a visit to one of these schools for future politicians :—

It was a bright summer's morning as I entered the school, and shook hands warmly with the Chief Instructor. He led me, without more than the usual conversation, into a large, well-ventilated room, which was occupied by a band of studious-looking M.P.'s of varying ages. "Yes," said the Instructor, in reply to my query, "this is the Parliamentary Procedure Class. Balfour!"

A tall scholar at once stood up—and stood, somewhat lethargically, at attention.

"When the personal honour of a Minister is impugned," said the Instructor, "what is the proper course to pursue? See if you can tell this gentleman."

"I should ask the Colonial Secretary to reply," said Balfour.

"Wrong!" said the Instructor. "Go to the bottom of the form again. He is"—he continued to me, as we went on our way—"one of my most hopeless pupils. Not without intelligence, you understand, but wilful and changeable. The unfortunate thing is, that outside the school—in the House itself—he occupies a high position—the highest in fact, which makes his slowness in learning a great trial to me. However, I do not despair. This is our Colonial Form."

We had entered another room, somewhat larger than the first, and filled with maps and globes. The pupils were following these with round eyes, while a junior instructor went from one to the other, giving assistance.

"How are they getting on, Jenkins?" asked my guide.

"Well," said the Junior Instructor, "they're learning—slowly. The Imperialists are the worst. Asked Chaplin, the other day, where Trinidad was, and he said New Zealand. Had to make him write it out a hundred times. Chamberlain is brighter. He knows his way about."

"Not in the Political Economy Form—unfortunately," said the Chief Instructor. "Want of balance is what spoils so many of our M.P.'s. Patriotism—excellent; Economy—nil; that is the kind of report I have to give of Chamberlain. But I must show you the Army Reform Class. This is it. Those weapons on the walls are examples of things not to introduce before you have tried them—short rifles, badly rifled guns, and so forth. Those glass cases contain various reform schemes of the past. Ah, I see Brodrick is going over his Army Corps papers. Huge mistake, Brodrick, wasn't it? Quite an hallucination, eh?"

"Yessir," said the student, who had been addressed with a blush. "I didn't know——"

"Of course you didn't. How should you?" said the Chief Instructor, cheerily. "But we live and learn, eh?"

Being in some haste, I left him at this point promising to pay another visit at a later date to this very interesting seminary.

Photo by *Campbell-Gray*

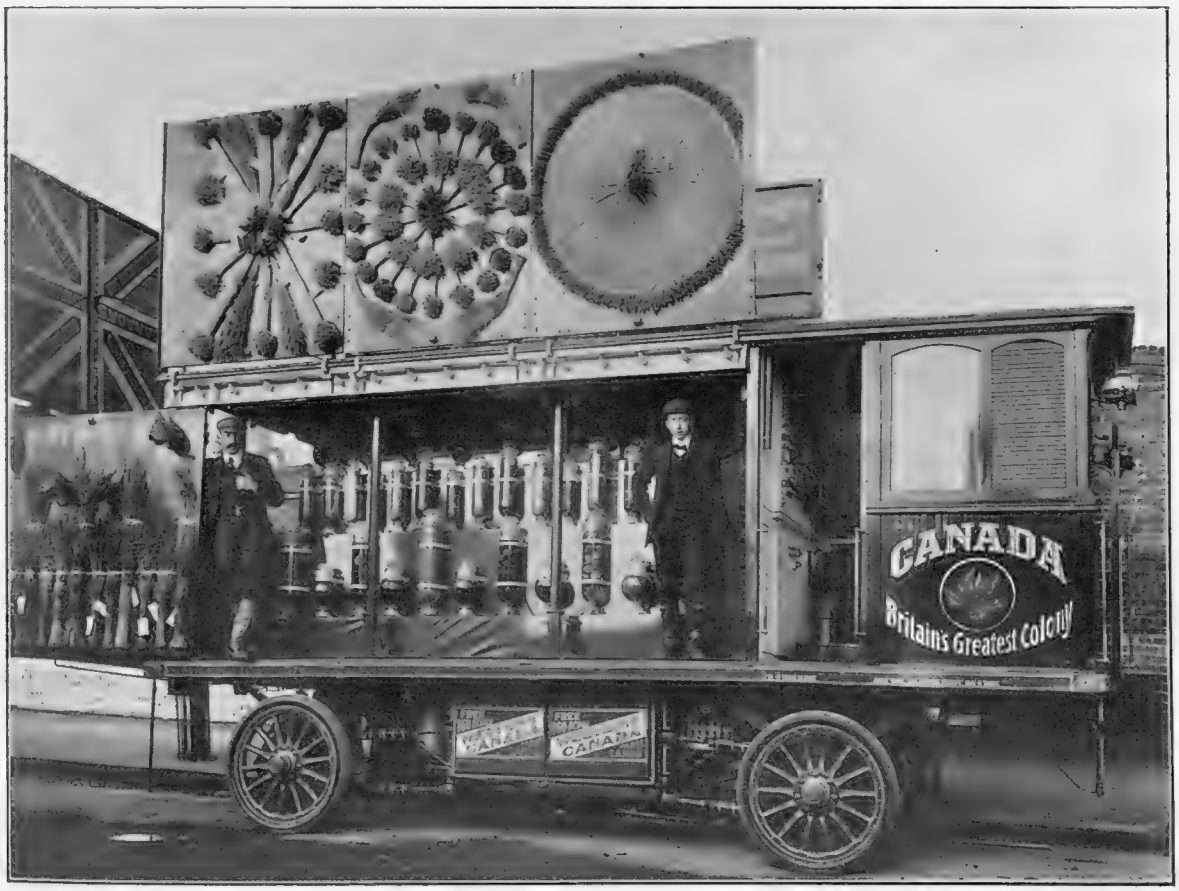
Miss Topsy Sinden and Miss Winifred Hare in a striking song scena at the Coliseum

A novel effect is created by the white dresses and "props" against a dead black background

Advertising by Motor for Emigrants to Canada

Canada's new 40 h.-p. motor wagon, which is making an emigration campaign in England and Ireland

The Canadian Government is leaving no stone unturned in its quest for emigrants to people the rich and, as yet, virgin lands of the great North-West. This car, which is said to be the largest (excluding steam cars) in the world, is 20ft. 6in. long, and is lighted by 250 8-candle power lamps



Photos by *Herons*

Exhibiting Canadian Produce in order to induce hard-headed English villagers to consider the claims of Canada

While the boom has been taken up by the newspapers, of course the dissemination of emigration literature throughout the country, rendered doubly attractive by the exhibition of produce in the van, will be far more effective, and will no doubt result in a greater number of emigrants leaving for Canada than ever before

Points from the Playhouses

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

Imperial Theatre

"HAWTHORNE, U.S.A."

The "small independent State, somewhere in Europe," has been worked so consistently by our playwrights, that it has become very exhausted soil. Mr. James Bernard Fagan has already given us Andola in the *Prayer and the Sword*, so we would have liked to have seen him break fresh ground. In the latest petty principality, Borrovina, we meet many old friends. *Place aux dames*, so first, there is a Princess, who, after the manner of her kind, has but little to say in the disposal of her own hand in marriage; next, there is a scheming baroness, in league with the Revolutionary party; the roll of the feminine characters of importance is completed by an English governess—tart, jumpy, and not very prepossessing. English governesses on the stage are either frumps or angels, they are seldom human. Now for the sterner sex. *Place au royauté*, so we will commence with His Majesty King Augustus III., all of a twitter for the safety of his throne. Threatening him are the Revolutionary party, headed by the Leader of the Opposition. Their tactics are of the approved sort on the stage. When a quorum of characters have congregated in the most public place—such as the vicinity of the palace—a winter garden for choice—they commence to pass each other incriminating documents. They held this tableau of conspiracy sufficiently long for my colleague to sketch them.

Miss Evelyn Millard
Princess Irma, in *Hawthorne, U.S.A.*

To continue the list of characters. There is a chancellor, several ministers, and, to quote the programme, "officers, soldiers, politicians, officials, ladies of the Court, etc." Lastly, but far from leastly, there is the hero of the piece—a plain-spoken American, who is not one whit abashed by the exalted position of the Princess, and makes love to her as though she were a citizeness of his own free country. The play concerns chiefly the relations between the couple. For a time, it is a deadlock. She is haughty because of her birth; his attitude towards her is no less uncompromising because of his wealth, which accrued to him through an accident to an automobile—it must have been a motor 'bus—into which had crowded all the relatives who stood between him and the thirty millions.

Mr. Fagan, in the matter of this inheritance, has gone to work with a thoroughness which compels our admiration, and altogether dwarfs the petty achievement of a playwright, who kills off an old uncle in order to endow a nephew with a paltry million. The tale of Hawthorne is soon told. The Revolutionaries are utterly overthrown by him. Their pistols and swords are of no avail against his cheque-book. This is the best scene in the play, and the only one which really merits the adjective, light, with which Mr. Fagan qualifies his play. The truculent rascals, armed to the teeth, burst into the King's cabinet and interrupt Hawthorne at his task of making out cheques. Their bluster subsides when they learn that their opponent has almost completed his task of writing out their names on his cheques for arrears of back-pay.

There is a definite touch of humour in the transmogrification of desperate would-be regicides into smirking employés filing up to the pay-desk for their wages. Mr. Lewis Waller has a most robust rôle. He dominates the situation as only a man possessed of thirty millions can. He holds so many trumps, that the play of his hand is lost in the fascination of watching him pick up the tricks.

Gaiety Theatre

"THE SPRING CHICKEN"

The news that the new piece at the Gaiety Theatre was to be adapted from the French, raised hopes which, I must confess, have not been realised. Whether crabb'd age be creeping upon me I know not, but of late years the Gaiety "books" have, for me, lost their sparkle. If it were not for the cleverness of the performers one thinks, what a depressing entertainment the stereotyped Gaiety productions would be. Recalling that *The Circus Girl* was an adaptation from the German, and that it made a more exhilarating piece than many another which might be quoted, I dared to hope that an adaptation from a Continental source would again prove superior to the purely British article. *The Spring Chicken*, alas! is, at present, but a sorry fowl, in spite of its French dressing. At the same time, experience has taught us that he is rash indeed, who takes not into account, when deploring its meagreness, Mr. George Edwardes's hardy and efficacious treatment of musical plays. In a few weeks time, *The Spring Chicken* may strut proudly with the best prize poultry. Till this shall come to pass, one can only chronicle that very little real fun has been extracted so far from the French original. The central idea of the piece is the Spring frivolity which attacks two husbands, causing them to leave their wives and go on the gallivant. Their capers inspire one with a gentle melancholy. The clever Gaiety company worked

Scenes and Personalities in "Hawthorne, U.S.A."

Miss Enid Spencer-Brunton
Baroness Bettendorf

Mr. Julian Royce
Prince Vladimir

Mr. Frank Dyall
Leader of the Opposition

The conspirators pass incriminating documents in a public place

their hardest at the piece. Whenever they saw a chance for merrymaking, they took it. The old wheezes came out well, and the loudest laugh of the evening greeted the caustic and emphatic manner in which Miss Connie Ediss ejaculated "Liar!" She has given a fresh lease of life to this time-worn utterance. The score, from the opening bar, is on typical Gaiety lines. The rhythm and the tricks of scoring are familiar, but do not fail to please us anew. Special mention should be made of the duet, "Come for a Spree in London" (Miss Gertie Millar and Mr. Teddie Payne); "I've come along to Paris for a change" (Miss Millar); and "I don't know, but I guess" (Miss Connie Ediss). Following tradition, the first is humorously descriptive, the second is sung under the breath with archness, the third is topical. Miss Olive Morrell's gentle demeanour was a relief to the general boisterousness, and her song, "Gently, gently," was most daintily rendered. E. C. S.

Mr. Frank Dyall
Leader of the Opposition

Mr. H. V. Esmond
King Augustus III.

Mr. Lewis Waller
Anthony Hawthorne, U.S.A

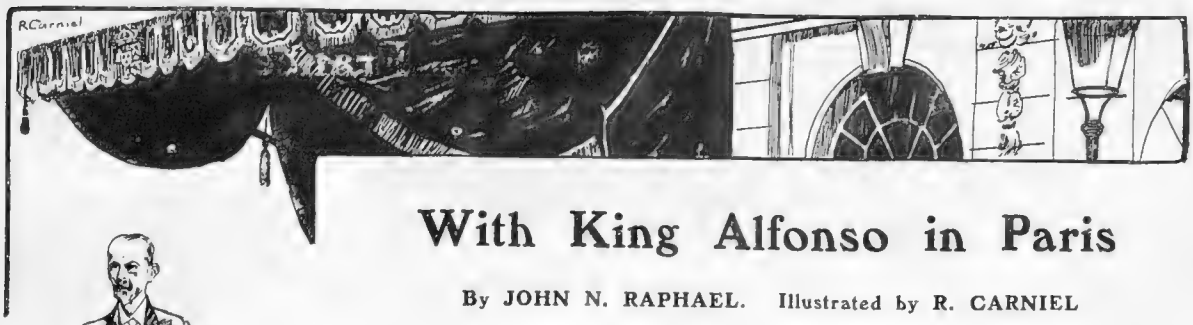
Cheque v. Sword: Hawthorne quells the Revolutionaries

By the Silver Sea in France

Photo by *C. Chusseau-Flaviens*

A fair canoeist at Les Sables d'Olonne, Vendée

Instead of keeping merely to the somewhat unexciting pastime of "bobbing" with both hands holding a rope, as practised at English watering-places, the French lady bather has devised a new sport. A few shallow canoes are brought into use, and the sport consists in keeping one's canoe safe from the attacks of one's fellow-bathers. The lady of our illustration, having lost her canoe for the time being, gracefully consented to pose for our photographer



With King Alfonso in Paris

By JOHN N. RAPHAEL. Illustrated by R. CARNIEL

Of kings, merely of kings *quâ* kings, Lutetia had become almost *blasé* of late, but little King Alfonso has the romance of his youth and the romantic reasons for his journey in his favour, and little King Alfonso (no matter what the *sans-culottes*, with their red eglantines and mutterings about Montjuich, may say) has come into the Ville Lumière upon a wave of popularity.

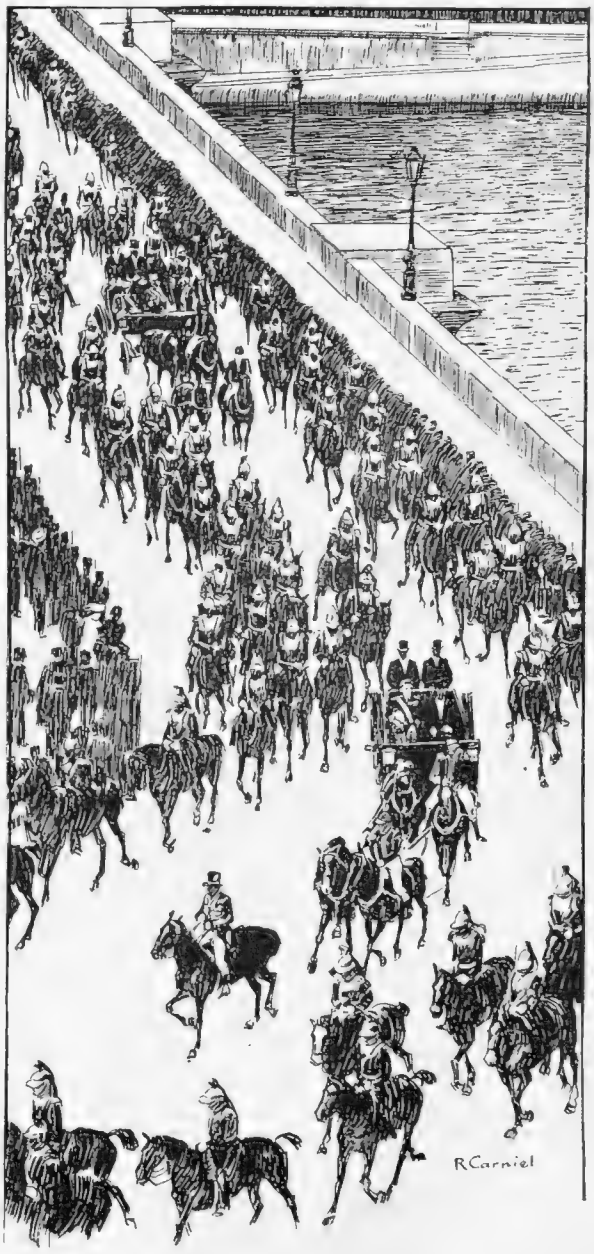
Wiseacres in the boulevard cafés, which are alluded to in newspapers upon the morrow as "diplomatic circles" by those members of Lutetia's fourth estate who do frequent them, have wagged their beards about this coming of the little King, and whispered of Morocco, and it is not for me to say that this first visit of His Majesty to London, taking in Paris by the way, may have no import in the politics of the immediate future. But—with the exception of the wiseacres aforesaid—Paris, in this beginning of a balmy summer, cares little, if at all, for politics, and Paris has made up its mind that Europe's youngest King, like the young princes of the "Arabian Nights" and other tales of faerie, is journeying to seek a wife and see the world.

Lucky in Love

And Paris, ever young at heart, loves the young King accordingly. Paris has found out, too, that King Alfonso will be lucky in his love, for he has seven extra names, and seven is the luckiest of numbers. Of titles he has such a list that there would scarce be space for them within these pages. King is he of no less than twenty-seven kingdoms, duke or archduke of four great duchies, six times a count, grand master of ten orders, and knight of many more than I can mention, and yet the title he loves best of all is "Bubi," the pet name his mother gives him. But, happy little monarch though he be, His Majesty will stand no trifling from his subjects. The tale is being told here of him, that a grandee of Spain ventured, when King Alfonso was seven years old, to call him "Bubi." "I am Bubi for mother," was Alfonso's answer, given with a frown; "for everybody else, please, I'm the King." His regal temper, too, has shown in other ways, notably in the remark he made, through hot tears, during the war with the United States: "Why may I not go out to fight?" he asked. "The King is surely, not a child when his people are fighting."

A Brave Spectacle

A brave sight is this fairest town of Paris in these first days of June, and nowhere fairer than in those glorious avenues, up and down which the Royal *cortège* drove at a rattling pace last Tuesday afternoon. Round the small Bois de Boulogne station, close to the



King Alfonso crossing the Pont de la Concorde

entrance to the tiny wood, which Mark Twain has called "a beautiful, cultivated, endless wilderness," the troops and the police have cleared an open space, across which ladies now and again, make their way pleading with *officiers de paix* (glorified policemen in white kids and silver lace) for a glimpse at the red-decked platform on which the President is waiting for the King. "Mesdames, without a card, no one may pass," is the relentless answer, and, presently, M. Lépine, the prefect of police, himself frock-coated, slim, lynx-eyed, sparing of speech, and ubiquitous, confirms the order. As far as eye can see, right up the Avenue du Bois to the Arc de Triomphe, troops line the route, and behind these are crowds, six and eight deep, of sightseers. "*Garde à vous!*" shouts the officer commanding on the platform, the file of soldiers stand as though carved in oak, the Spanish National Anthem blares its greeting, the engine of the Royal train shrieks back its greeting in reply, and presently the King of Spain and President Loubet are strolling up the platform side by side, the young man, boy that he is, talking eagerly and fast, the older one smiling in every wrinkle of his paternal face at the young one's excited animation.

"Mesdames, without a card, no one may pass!"

It must be something to arrive for the first time in Paris, even though one be born a king of one of Europe's oldest nations.

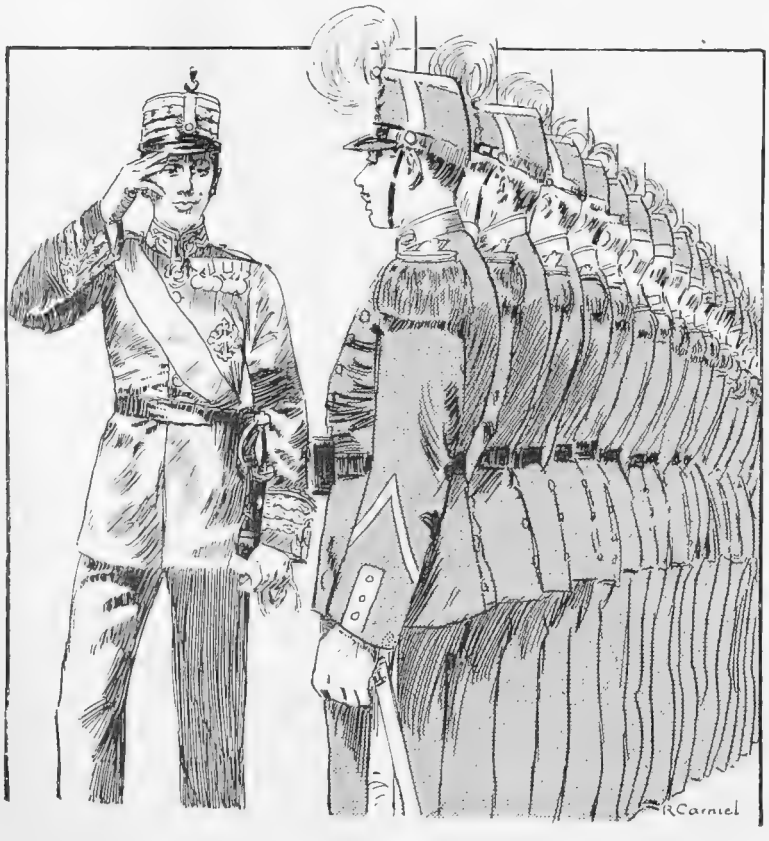
Doing the Programme in Full

During the short week of his stay, Paris is having every opportunity of seeing him, and those Frenchmen whose history books were illustrated, find that young King Alfonso has the Bourbon face, without, however, anything of that Bourbon heaviness which was historic, and did so much harm. *Un Bourbon qui se serait reveillé*, is the opinion generally expressed. It has been found, when other kings have visited Lutetia, that it was often necessary to curtail the official programme of their doings, but in the case of King Alfonso, this will, I think, be quite unnecessary. He has the young man's eager joy in seeing, and the young man's delight at everything he sees, besides which, as he told an interviewer on the day before he crossed the frontier, what he has mainly sought to see in coming here to France is the French people. They like him, there can be no doubt of that, and that he likes them, and likes their liking of him, his animated boyish face, and sparkling eyes show very clearly. He is enjoying everything, from his visit to the military cadets of St. Cyr, which, if I be not very much mistaken, has pleased him most of all, and the review, which pleased him mightily, down to the State dinners and the gala shows which, were he but a few years older, might have bored him.

One reception, which no crowned head has ever had in Paris, was that in the Halles, the Covent Garden of the Ville Lumière, and this amused the boy beneath the coronet immensely. Under a huge arch, trimmed with vegetables of all kinds instead of with flowers, the arms of Spain in glorified Julienne, and other curiously contrived adornments, the Royal carriage was surrounded by a bodyguard of the Forts de la Halle, giants with clean blue blouses, huge staves with crooks to them, and felt hats brimmed in a style which would make a Spanish toreador turn green with envy. Outside, the guard of market porters, ladies of the markets, and, *forts* and Mesdames Angot stepping to one side, through their ranks stepped the markets' queen, Mademoiselle Bouché (not a bad name, as you will see), who was embraced by the young King, and afterwards received a similar honour from President Loubet.

And hearty though his greeting here in Paris was, the greeting which awaits him there in London will, no doubt, be heartier yet.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



King Alfonso reviewing the Cadets of St. Cyr

LADIES' DRIVING COMPETITION AT HURLINGHAM

Photo by *Alan Cartwright*

Mrs. Mitchell Henderson being presented by the Earl of Haddington with the First Prize Rosette

Mrs. Henderson's mare, "Lady Maud," gained the First Prize in the Single Harness Competition

THE FIRST MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB IN HYDE PARK

Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Albert Brassey, the leader of the procession, on his coach

CONCERNING LORD HARRIS

(NO. 79 OF THE SERIES)

Both our famous cricket peers owe their titles to splendid achievements of arms. Lord Hawke, as we lately wrote, holds the barony conferred on the ever-famous Admiral of the Quiberon Bay fight. The first Lord Harris, in 1799, took Seringapatam, at that time held for France, and a view of that stronghold figures as a "chief of augmentation" on the Harris coat-of-arms, the flag of our country being shown floating above that of the abominable Tippoo Sahib from the battlements, and the supporters depicted as treating the standard of the French Republic with very scant courtesy. If anybody minded what heralds do, the Entente Cordiale might find some cause of stumbling in Lord Harris's armorial landscape. That famous soldier was a clergyman's son, a native of the county that the present peer has so often led to the field. The Lords Harris have, all four of them, been distinguished Greater Britons. Number Two was a Lieutenant-General, and, like his father, Colonel of the 73rd Foot. Number Three was Governor of Trinidad and also of Madras. Number Four, as everybody knows, has governed Bombay — with a rod of willow — been Under-Secretary for India and for War under the late Lord Salisbury, and served with the Imperial Yeomanry in the Boer War, to say nothing of the various little things that come the way of a county magnate in Little England, and a lordship-in-waiting to the late Queen.

But when we think of Lord Harris (as we perpetually do) we think of a flannelled—figure: of a famous Kent captain; of a noted bat; of a pioneer of the Australian contests; of one of the stoutest champions of the game on which the sun never sets.

Lord Harris was born in Trinidad fifty-four years ago, with a silver cricket-bat in his mouth. His father was governing that jewel of the British Crown at the time, and his mother was the daughter of its Archdeacon, the Ven. George Cummins. It seemed good that he should go to Eton; and there he laid the foundations of his cricket. Then Christ Church claimed him. It was while he was at "the House" that he succeeded to the title: in 1872.

His first Imperial achievement was to take a team to Australia. This was in 1879, when the all-British organisation of cricket was in its childhood. It can hardly yet be said to have reached manhood: for after all these years it was only in 1904 that the M.C.C. sent out a team to recover the ashes; and the South Africans, well as they did last season, are not yet a recognised institution with the public. Lord Harris, we say, was one of the pioneers. His following in 1879 was only the third team to play test matches with Australia, and the second to visit those Colonies. He played afterwards in the fourth contest with the Australians at the Oval.

Bombay, in 1890, was crying out for a ruler, and Lord Harris was sent thither. Native Opinion is a curious and rather uncertain thing, and at first it seemed doubtful how the poor Indian, with his untutored mind, would appreciate a Governor who threw himself with enjoyment into public cricket-matches. However, Lord Harris, with the aid of his accomplished wife, made a great success of his five years' term of office.

He is a leading landlord in Kent, and commands the Royal East Kent I.Y. But he will always be best known to Englishmen as the cricketer who used to open his county's innings so well.

ERGOPHOBIA: A DIAGNOSIS

[*Affectation of ignorance is one of the most common forms of judicial humour, but there is some excuse for Judge Addison, who was compelled to ask for an explanation of the word "Ergophobia." The witness explained that the new word was derived from ergon (work) and phobos (fear). It means a terror or hatred of work. It is a new disease, which a medical paper has recently called attention to. According to this journal, the new malady is becoming very prevalent.*]

You feel a bit tired in the morning,
You've a disinclination to rise,
And the knock at your door is a bit of a bore,
For you really can't open your eyes.

You feel that to go to the City
Would not be the scantiest use,
And the pressing affairs which await you downstairs,
You consign to the uttermost deuce.

You feel that you're fitted for nothing
But to lie on the flat of your back;
If your symptoms are these, then you've got a disease,
You're an Ergophobiac.

If the labouring class you belong to,
From labour you feel you must cease,
You march 'neath a banner, with truculent manner,
Escorted by mounted police.

You rattle a boxful of coppers,
And invite passers-by to subscribe,
You go to the Park, and orate till it's dark,
You then go away and imbibe.

When employment you flatly refuse,
And you much prefer getting the sack,
When you skulk with your mates, while your wife's on the rates,
You're an Ergophobiac.

Lord Harris

DRAWN BY OSCAR LARUM

Some Suggestions for Cricket Articles

Serious readers have been sadly disappointed at the little enterprise shown by the British Press at this important juncture in cricket history. One would have expected that some up-to-date journal would have arranged for special cricket articles, or, at the very least, would have given its readers photographs of our Australian visitors. May one suggest that there is a fortune waiting the newspaper proprietor who will publish bright special articles on our national game. If a newspaper offered its readers a selection of articles on the following topics, it would instantly gain a world-wide circulation:—

"Should Reckless Bowlers be Prosecuted?" By Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth.

"Colonial Pitches, with a Note on the Great Pitch Lake of Trinidad." By Mr. P. F. Warner.

"Cricketers I have Loved." No. I., "My Darling." By a Dowager Duchess. No. II., "Day and Knight." By a Daughter of Eve.

"Do Hawkes Dislike Woods: A Natural History Study." By Mr. E. Kay Robinson.

"Refreshment Bar Tariffs at Cricket Matches." By Mr. Jesse Collings.

"No Balls, with Observations on the Evils of Waltzing." By Dr. Torrey.

"Why Don't Cricketers Write About Cricket." By Mr. C. B. Fry.

"Doctored Pitches." By Sir Frederick Treves.

"The Rainfall at Lords since the Flood." By the President of the Meteorological Society.

"Why Should Cricketers be Clean-shaven, with Reflections on Dr. Grace's Whiskers." By Mr. Truefitt.

"Aristocratic Cricketers." No. I., "An Australian Noble." By the Editor of Burke's Peerage. No. II., "A Leicestershire King." By Lord Dalmeny.

"The Influence of Earth Worms on Cricket Grounds." By Lord Avebury.

"The Passing of Abel." By Mr. Hall Caine.

"Umpire Sit by the Wicket: A Dramatic Interlude." By Mr. J. M. Barrie.

ONLY A CREDIT TRANSACTION

"Won't I? I bet yer a 'undred pound I do"

DRAWN BY THOMAS MAYBANK

A Matrimonial Advertisement

Germans understand how to write a matrimonial advertisement. Here is one from the *Frankfürter Zeitung*:

ON BEHALF OF MY BEST FRIEND—

Twenty-six years old; of good family; picturesquely beautiful and of stately presence, noble character, and great goodness of heart; highly intellectual; exceedingly musical, and a Freethinking Israelite; monied—the owner of a considerable business (*i.e.* general dealer in a selling product), with a large income—

I AM LOOKING FOR A SUITABLE WIFE

Great beauty will be less highly considered than soulful intellect and good family. A certain amount of money is a necessity. Ladies, parents, or guardians, may communicate confidentially (photograph accompanying, if possible) with Box 70.

Unsuitable addresses will be rejected without delay.

We have much to learn in this country.

The Flower Show in Temple Gardens

Photo by *R. C. Ryan*

THE LAWN, WITH NEW YELLOW POPPIES IN THE FOREGROUND

One of the most striking features of the show by the Royal Horticultural Society this year was the poppy illustrated above. It is styled "meconopsis integrifolia," and grows at an altitude of ten to twelve-thousand feet in Western China and Thibet. It is an hardy biennial, and was introduced by Messrs. Veitch, of Chelsea

"The Little Michus" at Daly's Theatre

Miss Adrienne Augarde
(Blanche-Marie)

Miss Mabel Green
(Marie-Blanche)

A PRAYER TO ST. VALENTINE

Saint Valentine, we know you are clever,
Or we would not petition you thus;
Somebody told us that you were ever
Ready to help little girls like us.

If, in the future, the Fates intend
That one of us taken from home must be,
Saint Valentine, oh! please be my friend
And try to prevent them from choosing me!

"Leah Kleschna" at the New Theatre

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Lena Ashwell, as Leah Kleschna, in the last Act—the lettuce fields, near Neudstadt, Austria

Leah Kleschna, as most of our readers know by this time, was brought up as a thief by her disreputable father. She is sent to rob the safe of Paul Sylvaine, and is intercepted by him. They fall in love. Leah turns her back on her former life, and retires to the peaceful pursuit of lettuce-picking at Neudstadt, whither she is followed by Paul Sylvaine (Mr. Leonard Boyne), and the piece has the usual "happy ending"

OUR SHORT STORY

LOVE AND A PLOT*

By ARABELLA KENEALY

I.

"Miss Chesson in?"

"No, Mr. Chesson, but we expect her in from luncheon shortly."

"I'll wait."

Miss Chesson had worked up a pleasant little typewriting business. Her assistant showed the visitor into the office, at the end of a long room, where a number of girls sat, click, click, clicking their machines. He looked with languid interest into each face he passed. There were several pretty ones, and, like many another ne'er-do-well, he had an eye for pretty faces.

The assistant closed the door on him. Like many another ne'er-do-well, he was good-looking, and more than one of the heads had lifted from its work to turn in his direction.

Alone in the little room, he flung himself into a chair, and sat staring about him.

He marked the orderly precision, the rows of initialled drawers, the pigeon-holes, the files, the manuscripts and typescripts neatly piled. A vase of flowers made agreeable colour notes.

"If only I had Janet's business faculty," he sighed self-consciously. "I might have made a stir in the world." The truth is, it was Janet's industry he lacked.

His roving eye was caught by a name at the foot of a letter on the desk.

"Dear Madam," the letter ran, "I enclose an abstract of my new novel. Kindly send me half a dozen copies clearly typed.

"Yours truly,

"MARTIN COLSTON."

The man he envied most of all. A novelist, whose every book placed him a rung higher in the ladder of success.

He looked for the abstract. Colston's plots were his strong point. Would his next plot be as original as his last?

The abstract was not on the desk. He opened a drawer labelled C.

It lay on the top of half a dozen typescripts. His languid face lit as he read.

This time Colston had surpassed himself. His plot was brilliantly original. He read it again. His face and eyes grew keen. He had only time to replace it and close the drawer when his sister entered.

"Julian!" she said. Her bright face clouded. Julian but seldom sought her save when he required sympathy (and something more tangible) for the relief of some or another disaster.

"One moment," he said, at work in his note-book. "I've got an idea."

"If only you would turn your ideas to account," she suggested ruefully. "You are so clever if you would only apply yourself."

He returned his note-book to his pocket. He lifted a glowing face.

"I've got a notion to try my hand at a novel," he said excitedly.

She shook a doubtful head.

"It means so much industry and work, months of careful writing."

"Well, that's not my way. But given a good plot I think I could sit down hard for a few weeks and finish it out of hand."

This time she shook an experienced head.

"A plot must be super-excellent in a novel written like that."

"I've thought of a super-excellent plot," he said.

"Write it," she urged gaily, "and I will have it beautifully typed for you."

Then she sat down to hear the latest tale of editorial inhumanity. It was serious, the inhuman editor having, on this occasion, dismissed him his post merely because he had forgotten to fulfil an important assignment.

She sighed, and gave him the sympathy and the five-pound note he had come for.

"I needn't ask how you are doing, you clever little woman," he said, as he was leaving. "You look the pink of prosperity."

"We are making headway," she assented brightly. "And Julian, listen. To-night I am dining with the Weldons, and Martin Colston, the great novelist, is to be there. I so admire his work."

An odd expression came to Julian's face. He laughed.

"Why, so do I," he said. He added with rather a grudging glance at her pleased eyes, "You won't find him particularly interesting. I meet him at the Club. He's a reserved, glum sort of chap."

II.

Martin Colston was reserved, but Janet, sitting beside him at dinner, resented her brother's description of "glum."

She was not of sufficient social consequence to have been assigned to the popular novelist as dinner-partner, but it was a small party, and it fell to her lot to sit on his other side.

She interested herself by studying his clever face. She found chivalry and imagination in it. Perhaps she read into it some of the qualities she had found in his heroes.

She possessed that rare gift, a pretty profile, a possession the novelist's observant eyes had soon detected.

By the time the salmon was served, he had begun to talk to her.

She confessed her admiration of his books. He was pleased. The way to an author's heart is by

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The Foreign Point of View

"I have four sisters, but they are all married"

"Ah, now I see why you call ze mother, mater. Eet ees because she finds always mates for ze young ladies"

DRAWN BY E. S. KLEMPNER

praise of his last work. For his last is invariably his pet offspring.

"But your new book, 'The Duke's Dilemma,' ought to take the world by storm," she said. "The plot is splendid."

He turned upon her in amazement.

"How in the world do you know?" he demanded. "It is not published."

She blushed. "I am sorry to talk shop," she said, and explained.

"I suppose to you typewriting seems a terrible menial vocation," she concluded.

"By the way," said Colston, "I must ask you not to give away that plot of mine. I devoted a great deal of care and thought to it. I'm not disposed to make any man a present of it."

"Of course, I will not breathe a word," she promised. "To tell you the truth, I was so interested that I typed your half-dozen abstracts myself, and did not let them leave my hand. The book was typed in chapters by different workers, so that nobody knows the whole story."

"I am much obliged," he said. His face kindled as he looked at her. Her grey eyes, with their unusually large pupils, soft and black, like velvet, charmed him.

He was not a conventional man. He liked to do things after his own fashion. He parted from her without even a suggestion that he wished to meet her again.

The eyes he admired clouded as they followed his tall form down the room. It seemed as though he was striding out of her life, and, although he had entered it only three hours earlier, she felt that he had entered it for ever.

For two days she thought about him. On the third, she looked up to find him standing at the door of her little office.

"Mr. Martin Colston," her assistant announced, with awe and importance.

"May I come in?" he asked, smiling. He had a folio under an arm.

"I am not frivolling in work hours," he added, glancing at the pile of letters on her desk. "I have come on business—important business, or I should—at all events, I might—have trusted it to the postman."

Perhaps his eyes, trained to observation, noted the lighting of the face he had seen a moment earlier dull above her work.

"I want a MS. typed," he continued. "It is my first novel. It has never been published. I imagine it is shocking rubbish, but I was once so much in love with it that for the life of me I cannot now properly judge of it while it remains in my own writing."

He read her some exuberant sentences.

"Does this read to you like nonsense?" he demanded. "It has so long charmed my ears that I'm not sure yet it isn't heaven-born."

"I think your present simpler style is more effective," she told him demurely.

He laughed. There were sparks of humour between his half-closed lids.

"Thanks," he said. "I read a good deal into that very guarded criticism."

The ice broken, they talked of other things. Presently they were drinking cocoa out of mugs, and eating biscuits from a tin.

While thus engaged, the door opened and Julian burst in.

"Janet, congratulate me," he cried excitedly. "I've been at my novel ever since I saw you. The plot is grand. I'm going to make a hit."

Janet directed his attention to Colston, who, seated on a document-box, was concealed behind the opened door.

Julian betrayed an awkwardness unlike his normal ease.

"Oh," he said, constrainedly, taking the friendly hand extended to him. "I didn't know you knew my sister."

"Did you say you were writing a novel?" Colston asked presently, when Chesson had been supplied with cocoa and biscuits.

He murmured an assent. It was plain he did not wish to speak of it.

His presence checked the pleasant cordiality. Colston rose to leave. This time, however, he did not go without asking permission to call.

. . . . .

"The Countess's Escapade," by Julian Chesson, created an immense stir. In a month it had run through eight editions. The critics were for once unanimous. No more ingenious plot had been conceived. From beginning to end it involved the persons of the story in a succession of mirth-provoking situations and hairbreadth escapes. Yet so possible was it, that all the contingencies seemed not only natural but inevitable. As a first book, despite some amateurishness in the elaboration, it showed brilliant promise.

Needless to say, it had not been typed in Janet's office, nor did Janet read it until it was in a third edition. For Julian deferred again and again presenting her with the copy he had promised. Eventually, she bought it.

When she read the first chapter, a feverish, frightened expression came into her face. She skimmed some chapters hurriedly. She turned over the remaining pages, hastily gleaning the plot. When she came to the end, she gave a little, moaning cry, cast the book aside, and buried her shamed face in her hands. Humiliation, anger, pain, in turn assailed her. Had Julian been guilty of murder, she could scarcely have been more overwhelmed.

For, step by step, with an accuracy that revealed the crime, as blood betrays murder, Julian had worked Colston's plot into his book. He had not even troubled to make small differences, which might have confused the source of the theft.

Yet, as he had read no more of Colston's novel than an abstract, the story was worked out so differently from Colston's that it would have been impossible to charge either of the authors with plagiarism.

As though by a lightning flash, her mind gave her the whole truth. She remembered that Julian had been alone in her room at the time when the abstract was in the drawer. She remembered that he had been writing in his note-book when she entered. She recalled his odd excitement when he had told her he had found a good plot for a novel.

" Presently they were drinking cocoa out of mugs, and eating biscuits from a tin "

DRAWN BY CLEMENT FLOWER

She sat up in sudden bewilderment. Why had Colston shown no sign? That very afternoon he had taken her to a matinée. That very afternoon, but that her mother had come into the room, he would have proposed to her.

No happier woman had lived than she had been when, at parting, he had asked, with ardent eyes, if he might drink a mug of cocoa with her the next afternoon.

He had not read the book, of course. But had he

not gathered something from the reviews? Then she remembered he had told her he did not read reviews, not even those of his own books.

She broke into hysterical weeping. Julian, who had never been anything but a burden upon her and her widowed mother, had now ruined her life.

She was not surprised when, after a miserable night of sleeplessness, she received a note next day from Colston.

It was curt and cold. It regretted that he would be unable to fulfil his engagement with her in the afternoon. He was going abroad, and had many things to arrange. It made no suggestion of further meeting.

III.

Needless to say, "The Duke's Dilemma," issued six weeks later than "The Countess's Escapade," fell flat. The wind was taken out of its literary sails by laudatory puffs that had wafted Chesson's book triumphantly into the harbour of success. Admirable as was the plot, and worked out with great skill, nobody, who had already enjoyed it in Chesson's book, could enjoy it a second time in Colston's.

There arose, indeed, some irritation against the popular author for having blundered upon another man's plot.

To describe Colston as being angry would be to do injustice to his feelings. Not being a saint, his feelings were of too uncommon and fiery a character to be expressed in an adjective of everyday applicability. He also guessed, in a flash, how Chesson had acquired his plot, and remembering that afternoon on which the brother, not perceiving him, had burst into the room asking Janet to congratulate him on the successful working out of his "grand" plot, he could not but suppose that she had been an accessory to the theft. It cut him to the heart to believe it. But how could he think anything else?

His first impulse was to expose the theft, to write to the Press, to resort to law. Then he realised that he could do none of these things without betraying Janet's part in the affair, and seriously injuring her in the business, which was her's and her mother's livelihood. He thought of chastening the culprit. Finally, in a mood of cynical reaction, he decided to suffer his injury in silence.

Janet was too soul-sick about the wretched affair to accuse Julian. Only her eyes accused him—the great grey eyes, which glowed now, in the new and miserable pallor of her face, like recording angels.

She grew thin and weary looking. She lost her gay smile and spirits.

"I believe she is writing a book," Mrs. Chesson told Julian. "She sits up half the night. I tell her she will make herself ill. After her day's work she needs rest."

Janet was not writing a book. She had no literary gift, a lack which, for the first time, she deplored.

But she was clever and imaginative, and it had occurred to her that if she should sit long enough to the task, and sufficiently tax her brain, she might be able to evolve a plot worthy of Colston's acceptance.

Her honest mind, apart from her wounded affections, spurred her to an act of restitution, which should, in some degree, make up to him for the fraud for which she blamed herself.

Hour after hour she sat through the long nights cudgelling her wits for notions. She excited her brain by tea and coffee. She even resorted to opium. She wasted enough paper to have served for several books. For, sometimes, plots and situations hurtled chaotic through her over-wrought mind. She would go to bed happy. At last she had succeeded. But, alas! they would not stand the test of daylight, and she tore them up next morning.

IV.

Colston was back again in London. Three months had passed since the issue—and failure—of his book. A month in the Italian Riviera had dwarfed his grievance and soothed his smarting pride. There was an ache still where once he had felt a joyful heart. But he applied a salve of cynicism, and settled down again to work.

He was writing one night late, when a knock came at the door of his flat in Queen Anne's Mansions.

He opened it. Janet Chesson stood there, drenched to the skin, having walked, evidently, through a heavy rain without an umbrella. She looked so white and ill, he scarcely knew her. Her eyes were lit by fever-fires.

She drew a hand from beneath her cloak and held a little roll of paper to him.

"Here it is," she cried excitedly. "I had begun to fear I could not do it. Then to-night it came suddenly. My brain was on fire. It's a plot for a novel—for the one Julian stole from you. Oh, I have nearly died of shame. But this will make up to you."

Her teeth were chattering. She shook from head to foot.

He saw that she was seriously ill. His resentment died in pity. He drew her in. He took her to his room, and set her before the fire.

"It wasn't my fault," she went on, in a pleading voice. "I did not say a word. He must have found the abstract in the drawer when I was out. But this," she held up the roll and laughed feverishly, "this will make up to you. It came like a wonderful inspiration."

She thrust the roll into his hand. Her fevered fingers almost scorched him.

When she was calmer, he wrapped her in a rug and took her home.

For a week she lay ill unto death, in high fever and delirium. Then she recovered slowly. When she was well enough, Colston made her that long-delayed proposal.

"I should be ashamed to say 'Yes,'" she answered, the tender, candid eyes showing very large in her thin face, "if I had not been able to make you some reparation."

He smiled to himself as he kissed her. He had read the "reparation" He read it with glistening eyes and tender pity. To this day he has not used it. It was the wildest, most fantastic childishness that delirium could have conceived.

Yet, although it has no literary value, it is his most sacred possession. The paper stained, the ink blurred by the rain-storm through which she brought it, are eloquent of a devotion unblemished by a thought of self.

ARABELLA KENEALY.

MR. BIFF'S TRAVELS WITH A GUIDE-BOOK

PICTURED IN WEEKLY CHAPTERS BY LAWSON WOOD

Chapter XVII.—KLONDIKE—ON THE CHILKOOT TRAIL

"This is too much for me. I shall pack up and go home"

"In the North Riding of Yorkshire, there is a town of such antiquity that its beginnings are lost far away in the mists of those times of which no written records exist." In these words, Mr. Gordon Home opens his new work, entitled, *The Evolution of an English Town*, in which he deals, in the most exhaustive manner, with the history of the little town of Pickering, tracing its development not only from the first historical records, but from the far-away period of the Ice Age. In this book, as in most others, the human interest is that which engages the heart of the reader, and Mr. Gordon Home has done good service in rescuing from oblivion the oral traditions of the dwellers in the Vale. Many records of time-worn customs and valuable folk-lore are set down here, for, despite the number of books which have been written on Yorkshire folk-lore, it is almost impossible for any but a resident to exhaust particular localities, and the Vale of Pickering is particularly rich in this respect. "The custom of placing a plate of salt upon the breast of one who is dying, is still continued in covert fashion," says Mr. Home, "and clocks are still stopped, fires raked out, and looking-glasses turned to the wall, at the moment of death." Interspersed with delightful line drawings by the author, this book shows the spirit in which our village records should be approached by future local historians, while a holiday in the Vale of Pickering, in the company of Mr. Home, would be a delightful experience.

Books to Order This Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

The Science of War. By the late Lieut.-Col. G. F. R. Henderson. With memoir of the author by Lord Roberts. (Longmans.)

The Evolution of an English Town. By Gordon Home. (See notice herewith.) (J. M. Dent: 10*s.* 6*d.*)

NEW FICTION

The Flute of Pan. By John Oliver Hobbes. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

The Honour of Henri de Valois. By David M. Beddoe. (J. M. Dent: 6*s.*)

Life of My Heart. By Victoria Cross. (Walter Scott: 6*s.*)

LATEST FRENCH FICTION

L'Autre. A novel by Octave Feuillet. (London: Hachette: 2*s.* 8*d.*)

Messrs. Constable are to publish a very important work on Colonial Administration, which has been written by Alleyne Ireland. The prestige which has been ours in the colonising world since the spacious days of Elizabeth, makes everything connected with the Colonies or Colonial life of paramount interest to Englishmen. The author of this new book, which will be called, *The Far Eastern Tropics: Studies in the Administration of Tropical Dependencies*, has spent nearly three years in various Far Eastern countries, making himself thoroughly conversant with the Colonial methods of Great Britain, France, Holland, and the United States. He deals with Burma, Java, the Malay Peninsula, Hong Kong, French Indo-China, Borneo, and the Philippines. Armed with credentials from the Foreign and Colonial Office, Mr. Ireland enjoyed exceptional opportunities of carrying on his investigations, and in his preface he expresses his gratitude to the many British and foreign officials whose assistance, during his stay in Eastern Asia, at once lightened his labours, and increased their value. Among the questions which the author discusses are Colonial Civil Service, Chinese Labour, the Currency Question, the Government of Tropical Dependencies, Educational Work in the Tropics, Colonial Finance and Colonial Legislation. Two valuable appendices complete the volume. The first, a statistical appendix showing the area, population, finances, trade, and shipping of the countries treated of. The second, a selected bibliography of over one hundred works useful for a more detailed study of the question.

He is a brave man who undertakes the task recently completed by Mr. Cuming Walters—namely, that of solving the plot of "Edwin Drood." Only eight numbers of the story, as written by Charles Dickens, ever appeared, the work being cut short by the great author's death, thirty-five years ago yesterday (June 6). The best known completion of the story is that by Wilkie Collins, who, as one of Dickens's warmest friends, and perhaps his most constant literary helper, was best fitted for the task, though his solution is unconvincing. One awaits with interest, Mr. Walters's new version, which is being published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. In this story, it will be remembered, Dickens, always the most careful of authors, made the mistake of putting "rooks and rooks' nests" (instead of daws) "in the towers of Cloisterham," the delightful name chosen by him for his favourite town of Rochester. It was through Edwin Drood that a now famous Academician made his first step towards fame. A difficulty was experienced in finding an illustrator for the story, and it was at the suggestion of Millais, who had seen Mr. Luke Fildes's drawing, "Houseless and Hungry," in a contemporary *Graphic*, that that artist was chosen to carry out the work. Among Mr. Fildes's most cherished possessions is a quill pen, "with the blue ink dried upon it, which was found on the great writer's desk, just as he left it."

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

Mrs. John Richard Green

The other week it was my good fortune to listen to a brilliant and well-delivered speech by Mrs. John Richard Green, at a distinguished literary gathering. It struck me at the time that one might easily mention several ladies' names which would be more familiar to the general public, yet all put together would weigh but little against that of Mrs. Green in the estimation of the more scholarly class of readers. I suppose it is not too much to say that Green's "Short History of the English People" is a classic. Even on the vulgar ground of sales it beats our most popular novels. Sixteen years ago, 150,000 copies of it had been sold, and I should not be surprised to learn that the number has now been nearly doubled. The story of John Richard Green is one of the most pathetic and most inspiring in the annals of literature. It has so often been told that I do not intend to re-tell it here, but although more than twenty years have passed since the stricken author, after his long and noble fight with fell disease, died at Mentone, his widow has steadily maintained, by her own literary gifts and remarkable learning, the honour which he won for his name, and she is even now busily engaged upon a history of Ireland—her native country. Apart from her editorial work on Green's historic writings, Mrs. Green has herself written several books which show a knowledge and an aptitude for history second only to her husband's. Perhaps the most valuable of these books is "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century," which appeared in 1894. A mere bookman stands abashed in the presence of so learned a lady, yet is she in person charming, vivacious, and free from reminiscence of the academy; her native wit finding in her profound knowledge of history matter for lightening rather than weighting her conversation. As becomes a Celt, she is particularly interested in the revival of the study of Irish, and speaks with enthusiasm of the work which is being done by the School of Irish Learning at Dublin. She considers that the history of Ireland cannot be adequately presented until the riches of the old Irish manuscripts, unique in European literature, have been fully translated. Meanwhile, there is surely no one better equipped than herself for telling the romantic story of her native land.

Photo by *Russell*

Mrs. John Richard Green

Widow of the great historian, and herself a distinguished writer on historical subjects. Mrs. Green is, at the present time, engaged upon a history of Ireland—her native country

A Story by Kate Douglas Wiggin

At the same gathering where I had the opportunity of hearing Mrs. J. R. Green, I also saw, for the first time, that extremely popular and delightful American authoress, Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs), whose "Penelope" books have been as keenly enjoyed in England as across the Atlantic. Mrs. Riggs is one of those Americans who have just sufficient of the native accent to render their speech piquant, and although she disclaimed any ability to reproduce the quaintness of the negro dialect, those who heard her telling a diverting plantation story will allow that she gave it deliciously. The story has nothing whatever to do with books, but it is so good that I do not apologise for enlivening my gossip with it:—

A certain darkey servant, wishing to enter the holy bonds of matrimony, asked his master to purchase him a licence in the neighbouring town. The master, being in haste, did not ask the name of the happy woman, but as he drove along he reflected on the many tender attentions that he had seen John lavish upon Euphemia Wilson, the cook, and, concluding that there could be no mistake, had the licence made out in her name. "There's your licence to marry Euphemia," he said to the servant that night. "You're as good as married already, and you owe me only two dollars." The darkey's face fell. "But Mass' Tom, Euphemia Wilson ain't de lady I'se gwine to marry. Dat wan't nothin' mo'n a little flirtation—Georgiana Thompson, the la'ndress, is the one I'se gwine to marry." "Oh! well, John," said the master, amused and irritated at the same time, "there's no great harm done. I'll get you another licence to-morrow, but it will cost you two dollars more, of course." The next morning the darkey came out to the carriage as it was starting for town, and, leaning confidentially over the wheel, said: "Mass' Tom, you needn't git me no udder licence; I'll use the one I'se got. I'se been t'inkin' it over in de night-season, an' to tell you de troof, Mass' Tom, the conclusion o' my jedgment is, dat *dar ain't two dollars worth o' dif'rence between dem two ladies!*"

I need scarcely add that Mrs. Riggs applied her story with the happiest effect to the pointing of her humorous speech, in reply to the toast of "Sovran Woman."

"Ode to the Cuckoo"

The cuckoo is a vastly overrated bird: a little cuckoo goes a long way! So, at least, I have been tempted to think when wayfaring for weeks on end what time the cuckoo is a-calling. A few weeks ago I was rambling all alone in the forests of the Alsatian Vosges, and, I say it fairly, the cuckoo got on my nerves, with his monotonous fluting. When I came back to London one of the first things I read was a paragraph about a heated correspondence, which had been running in a Scottish paper, on the subject of the "Ode to the Cuckoo," one of the most beautiful lyrics in the English language. Long, long ago I took my side in this old controversy, and have ever been a firm believer in Michael Bruce's authorship of the poem. Indeed, time was when the very name of John Logan raised my ire, and I still regard him, with all his gifts, as one of the *canailles* of literature. I turned up my copy of Bruce's poems (1796), which, by the way, belonged to Henry Mackenzie, author of that watery "classic," "The Man of Feeling," and read over again most of its contents It seems to me there can be little doubt that the poet who wrote that exquisite "Elegy: To Spring"—fit to rank with Gray's elegy—was the same that wrote the "Ode to the Cuckoo." Bruce was the son of a poor weaver; but his parents were of that type, almost peculiar to Scotland, who stinted themselves to give their son a University training. What pathos there is in the death of the consumptive lad just on the threshold of manhood. If he had lived he would inevitably have taken his place among our great poets, as he had a lyric gift that was well nigh, and would surely have come to, perfection.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

That famous verse from his ode is unexcelled for beauty and wealth of imagery, expressed in chaste and simple language. And his college chum, Logan, who saw poor Bruce's poems through the press some three years after the death of the poet, and, on the clear evidence of the elder Bruce, was guilty of dishonesty to his dead friend, claimed the authorship of the ode. In many anthologies it bears his name to this day, and he has no lack of supporters. He wrote the preface to the first edition of the poems, with which he mingled several pieces from his own and inferior hands—a gratuitous insult to Bruce, whose literary remains would have been ample for the book had Logan not withheld several of his poems—and in this preface he said of these intended pieces, "the reader of taste will easily distinguish them from those of Mr Bruce, without their being particularised by any mark." That was one of the truest things Logan ever wrote, though it is true that he himself wrote several poems of high merit, notably "The Braes of Yarrow." It is an old, sad controversy, and although the scandalous after-career of Logan is no proof of his being an impostor, it is not entirely to be ignored in forming one's opinion of his character; and one's estimate of the latter is of some importance in coming to an opinion of the whole unhappy affair.

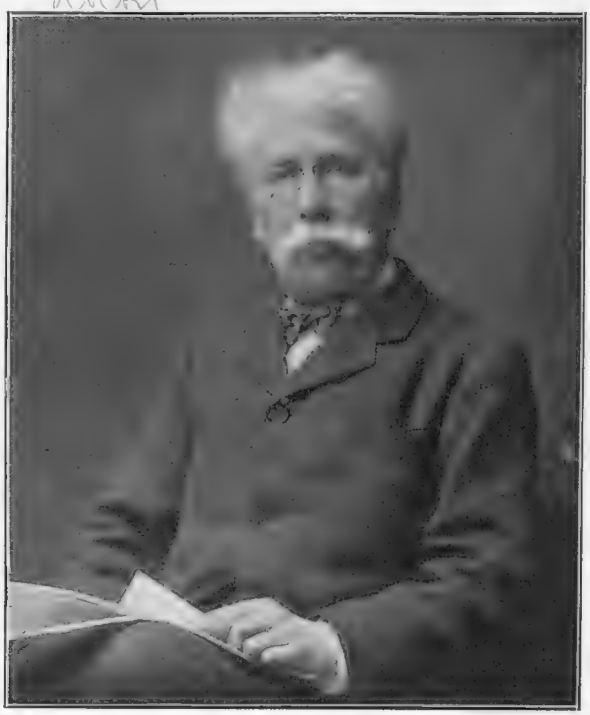


Photo by *Russell*

Mr. Henry W. Lucy

"Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*, whose "Later Peeps at Parliament" has just been published

"Toby, M.P."

It is doubtful if there is a more popular personality in English journalism to-day than Mr. Henry W. Lucy, whose new book, "Later Peeps at Parliament" (Newnes: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), has just been published. As "Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*, he is known throughout the British Empire. It was Mr. Lucy who first vivified and made really interesting to newspaper readers the proceedings in the House of Commons. That is now more than thirty years back, and it was in *The World*, with his "Under the Clock," that Mr. Lucy first became a power in journalism. Apart from his long connection with *Punch*, where in January of 1881 he began distilling "The Essence of Parliament" in succession to the late Tom Taylor, his name is most closely identified with the *Daily News*, which he served in the Press Gallery—except for a brief spell in the editorial chair—for well-nigh thirty years. More recently he has continued his descriptive work in the *Daily Telegraph*, and now in the *Daily Express*. Mr. Lucy, who is in his sixtieth year, and began as a reporter on the *Shrewsbury Chronicle* forty-one years ago, is one of the few journalists who have succeeded in winning wealth by their pens, and he has given most generously of his earnings to professional charities, his two gifts of £1,000 in 1903 being still remembered with wonder by his less successful—and how many are they!—brethren of the pen. "The Member for Barkshire's" home is at Hythe, one of the Cinque Forts, of which he has written charmingly in "Faces and Places"; but he has a beautiful flat in Ashley Gardens, as becomes one who spends so much of his time in Westminster.

The Amateur Golf Championship

By ERNEST LEHMANN

I am sitting in sackcloth and ashes, having suffered the fate which overtakes prophets, whether at golf or anything else mundane. All my champions fell before the doughty arm of Mr Barry, and I am left muttering Browning's lines :—

> The little more, and how much it is ;
> The little less, and what worlds away.

The only excuse I can make for omitting to take Mr. Barry's chances into consideration is, that I did not know that he would enter for the event. Doubtless, I ought to have known, but writing, as I did, some weeks before the entry list closed, it was difficult to ascertain the point. Had I known, I should certainly have mentioned Mr. Barry as likely to do well, bearing in mind his remarkable seventy-five at the Royal and Ancient Autumn meeting last year, but I must frankly confess that I should not have thought it possible for him to beat either Mr. Maxwell or Mr. Graham. Had anyone told me that he would have to play both those players on the fourth day, I should have reckoned his chance of winning at zero, and I think I should have erred in company with most judges and critics of the game.

The Triumph of Youth

If I were asked to sum up in a phrase the outstanding feature of this year's Amateur Championship. I should do so by paraphrasing a line of the "Marseillaise" :

Le jour des jeunes est arrivé.

The charmed circle of veterans, who for so long have ruled the roost in this event, has been ruthlessly broken, and I doubt very much whether it will ever be mended again. It was only a question of time, and the wonder is, not that it has been broken, but that it should have taken so long to break. I must leave to other and abler pens than mine the task of describing the tournament in detail. My readers will hardly expect this from me, for by the time this article sees the light, the Amateur Championship will have been minutely set forth in a hundred different papers. My province, I conceive, is to endeavour to extract for them the main features differentiating this from preceding contests, and to draw some conclusions which may help those who were not present to understand how the ultimate result came about. I had better begin by giving some idea of Mr. Barry's style. It is not a pretty style, like Mr. Scott's, and, at the first glance, it does not look an effective or certain style. He stands a good way from his ball, and, just before swinging, pushes his hands out, thus lengthening his reach to its uttermost extent. Both he and Mr. Scott drive a very long ball. Mr. Barry's method of approaching is a deliberate and rather stiff swing, the arms and body coming away back in one piece. Thus, there is a very little independent wrist work, but the follow through is good. This method of approaching may account for Mr. Barry's weakness in the short mashie shot out of rough stuff close to the green. In all the matches which I saw him play, I don't remember seeing him make a really good shot of this kind, his failure being generally retrieved by his wonderful putting.

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

A. G. Barry, winner of the Amateur Championship, driving

Mr. Barry's Putts

Putting is undoubtedly the finest department of Mr. Barry's game. He hits the ball very truly, and always follows well through, the result being that the ball never jumps, but always rolls smoothly up to the hole I hardly ever saw Mr. Barry short in a putt ; and in the final, he won absolutely and purely by his putting. Time after time he holed putts of a critical length, while his long putts were nearly always given a chance. If I were asked to put my finger on the psychological pulse of the final match, and to say where the critical beat of that pulse occurred, I should unhesitatingly put it at the eighth hole of the second round. Mr. Barry was badly bunkered off the tee, while Mr. Scott got a beauty away. Getting just out, Mr. Barry was short in his third, while Mr. Scott got hole high, but rather wide, in his second. It looked any odds on Mr. Scott, then two down, getting one back. Mr. Barry was strong in his fourth, leaving Mr. Scott to play the one off two. Now, on the keen greens of the preceding days, Mr. Scott had been putting faultlessly. But the torrents of rain overnight and during the morning round, had made all the greens very heavy. Mr. Scott putts with one of those instruments looking something like a doll's flat-iron. His style of putting, though admirable for keen greens, is not suited to heavier days. He rather clips the ball, and has hardly any follow through, the result being that on heavy and wet grass the ball does not get that run on it which makes all the difference between being dead and having a putt of two yards to hole. Of the two finalists, I infinitely prefer Mr. Scott's style and methods, and I should consider him a more scientific and finished

The Amateur Championship: E. B. H. Blackwell at the thirteenth hole

player than Mr. Barry. Here I come to another disadvantage under which Mr. Scott laboured on the final day. He uses rubber grips, and plays in fairly thick wash-leather gloves. Given fine weather, rubber grips are delightful to play with. But golf is a game that must, on great occasions like the Amateur Championship, be played in all conditions of weather, and it is very rare to find a long competition, spreading over five days of a week, coming off without some rain falling. In wet weather, rubber grips are the very devil, if I may be allowed the expression. Ask Mr. Mure Fergusson for his experiences at St. Andrews four years ago, and at Sandwich last year.

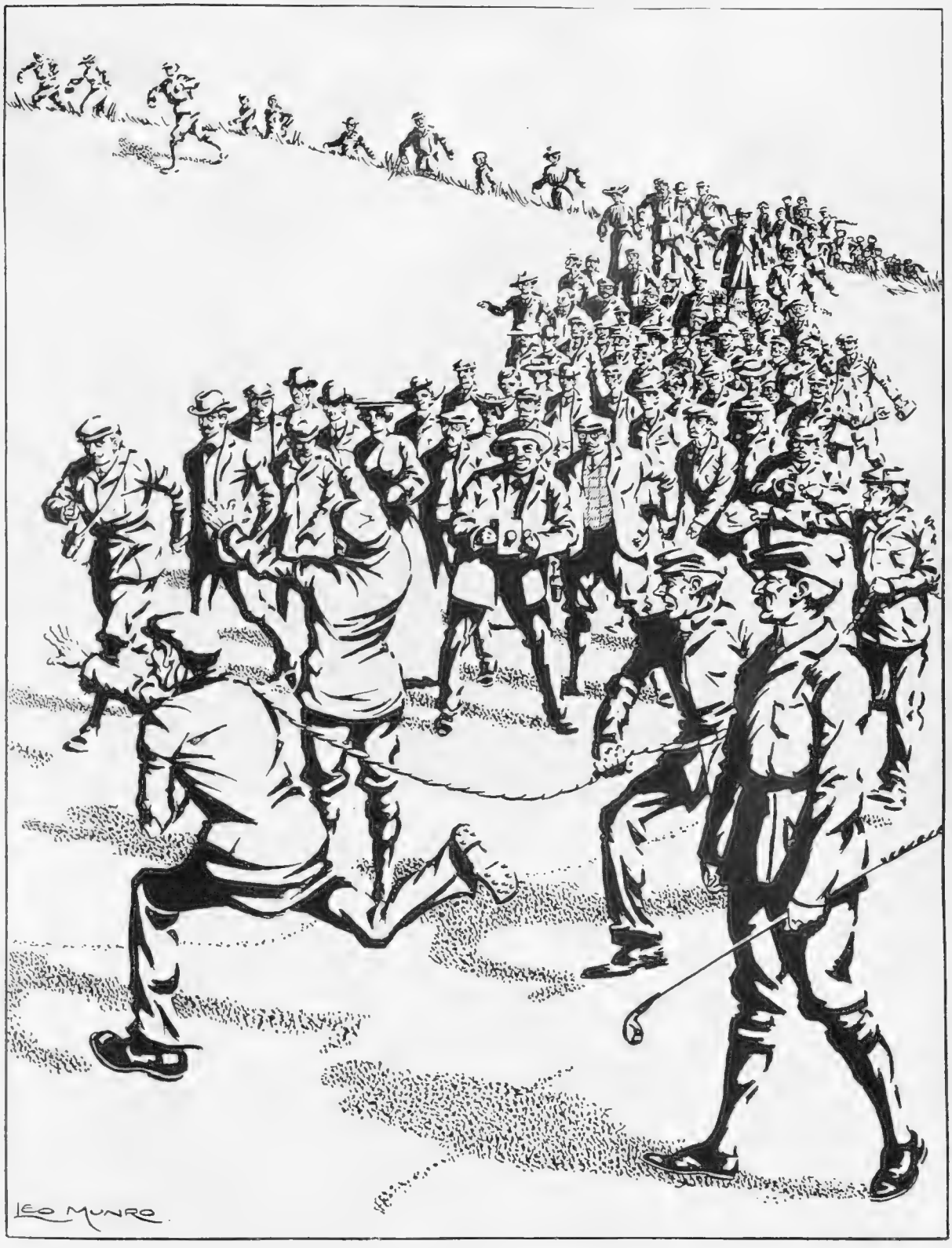
The game was won on the putting green, as it was last year, and it becomes increasingly evident that, as between players of this class, the man who is on his putting on the supreme day will always win. I have no further space at present to go into many points which I hope to develop in later articles. For the moment, I must content myself with congratulating, from the bottom of my heart, both Mr. Barry and Mr. Scott on their admirable display. They showed us very fine golf indeed, on an occasion apt to try the nerves of the most experienced player. A thirty-six hole match, which is won by only three and two, means a ding-dong fight, and the game was interesting from start to finish.

"Haskell" v. "Kite"

It was, curiously enough, a battle between the two who had actually made the same score of seventy-five for the Royal and Ancient Autumn Medal, though Mr. Scott, by a technical mistake of his marker, had one stroke more wrongly added on to his return. It was also a battle between the "Kite" ball, used by Mr. Barry, and the "Haskell" ball, used by Mr. Scott, a battle now transferred from the course to the courts. On that legal aspect, I have, of course, nothing to say, but confine myself to noting that the vast majority of players at Prestwick played with "Kite," in preference to "Haskell," balls. The meeting was most admirably managed by the Prestwick Club, and all the arrangements made reflect the utmost credit on the captain and committee. I would submit for their consideration that some alteration is urgently necessary in the position of the tee to the eighth hole. Placed as it was, it necessitated the party playing to the seventh hole having to wait till the others had driven their tee shots at the eighth hole and got away. This meant great delay, and, at some periods of the second day, as many as seven couples were blocked at the seventh tee. This should be obviated in future, as such a long wait is most trying to players in a great competition. The course was in beautiful order, the crowds behaved most admirably on links most difficult for the management of a crowd, the golf throughout was intensely interesting, while Mr. Barry's performance in beating Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Graham on the same day, when not yet twenty, speaks volumes for his nerve and qualities of play, and gives my Alma Mater, Cambridge, an invaluable recruit for her golfing team. ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photos by The Amateur Championship: The "force" lead the field *Baker and Dixon*

Echoes of the Amateur Championship



The "Gallery" take a short cut

DRAWN BY LEO MUNRO

Notes from the Polo Grounds

By L. V. L. SIMMONDS

The Entries for the Inter-Regimental

As expected, there is again a good entry for the Inter-Regimental Tournament, namely, one less than last year, when the record number of eighteen teams competed. The corps that will be represented in the forthcoming competition are the three regiments of Household Cavalry, the King's Dragoon Guards, the 3rd Dragoon Guards, the Scots Greys, the 5th, 16th, 17th, and 21st Lancers, the Inniskilling Dragoons, and the 8th, 11th, 14th, 18th, and 20th Hussars, together with the Rifle Brigade, which is the only foot regiment entered. The preliminary ties, under the successful scheme inaugurated in 1903, will be played off at convenient local military stations during June; while the semi-finals and the final tie will, as usual, be decided at Hurlingham during the first week in July. The draw is arranged by the sub-committee so that the three regiments stationed in Ireland — the 3rd Dragoon Guards, the 6th Dragoon Guards, and the 11th Hussars — play off among themselves, the successful team only coming over to Hurlingham for the semi-final round.

Photo by *Rouch*

The Match for the Public Schools' Polo Cup, at Roehampton: Play on the boards
The player on a white pony, in the foreground, is Mr. J. Bellville, of the Old Harrovians

The Hurlingham Annual General Meeting

There was a very large attendance at the Hurlingham annual general meeting, when the motion to abolish pigeon shooting, moved by Lord Ancaster, was carried by an overwhelming majority, over seven hundred members voting. The removal of the hoarding which encloses the shooting ground will much improve the outlook from the polo pavilion, and will, furthermore, give the greatly needed extra space for gymkhanas and other side shows. The pigeon-shooting members, however, are fighting tooth and nail for their rights, and are hinting darkly at litigation, alleging that the resolution arrived at is illegal. It was, by the way, in 1867, and not in the "early sixties," as has been stated so frequently of late, that the Hurlingham estate was leased to the late Mr. Frank Heathcote, who started there a club mainly for pigeon shooting. In 1874, the club bought the property, and that year polo was introduced. As the latter game increased in popularity, so pigeon shooting gradually declined.

Play at Ranelagh

The Aldershot Cup, the unique one-day tournament which has become quite a feature of the Ranelagh season, was fixed for this (Wednesday) afternoon, but it has been decided to play it later, probably on June 28 or July 5. The grounds of the club at Barnes are now looking their best, and form a very pleasant retreat from the dust and heat of London. One of the best matches played at Barn Elms this season was last week's fixture between Ranelagh and Roehampton, which was very keenly fought out. Roehampton was represented by the Rugby team, with the Duke of Roxburghe at back, instead of Mr. C. D. Miller, while the Ranelagh team was made up of the Hon. Aubrey Hastings, Captain L. C. D. Jenner, Mr. F. A. Gill, and Mr. A. Rawlinson. The last three players, it will be remembered, were in the Ranelagh team of last year, together with Mr. Scott-Robson. At the end of the

Public Schools' Cup, at Roehampton: Mr. P. W. Nickalls and Mr. Winston Churchill (on the right) coming in to change ponies

In the ties, before the final for this cup, the Old Harrovians beat the Old Marlburians, and the Old Rugbeians beat the Old Etonians. In the final, between the Old Harrovians and the Old Rugbeians, the latter won easily by nine goals to love

fourth period, Ranelagh had a lead of two goals; but Roehampton scored three times in the last twenty minutes, and finally won a most exciting game by five goals to four. Ranelagh had hard luck in having two goals disallowed on technical points.

The Public Schools' Cup

The result of the tie in the Public Schools' Tournament at Roehampton between the Old Marlburians and the Old Harrovians came as a great surprise. Without the services of Captain Marjoribanks and Lieut.-Colonel Renton, the Old Harrovians seemed to have little hope of winning; but Captain Miller's happy knack of getting the very best out of a moderate team was once more demonstrated, and with Mr. J. Bellville, Mr. Walter Jones, and Mr. Winston Churchill, who played back, all at the top of their form, they just managed to gain the day. None of the Marlburians were at their best, Mr. C. D. Miller, indeed, being ir from well, and they lost several chances of scoring hrough indifferent shooting.

Rugbeians Win the Cup

As regards the other tie, Captain Heseltine was, after all, unable to play for his old school; Eton being represented by Lord Shrewsbury, Mr. Rawlinson, the Duke of Roxburghe, and Captain Herbert Wilson. The Old Rugbeians, a fine team, composed of the three brothers Nickalls and Major A. M. Pirie (21st Lancers), won by four goals to love. Mr. Cecil Nickalls, hitting very hard, played a particularly fine forward game; while the Rugbeians' defence was excellent, no goals being scored against them in the final either. It was a fast and most interesting match. Mr. Rawlinson worked very hard for Eton, but seemed to tire a little towards the end. His striking was, at times, wonderful. On one occasion he met the ball when quite a yard or more off the ground, and, on its being returned, successfully stabbed at it in the air, using his stick as a spear. The final was rather disappointing, for the Old Harrovians were quite off their game, the Old Rugbeians winning easily by nine goals to love.

L. V. L. S.

Photo *Rouch*

Public Schools' Cup: The team of Old Rugbeians who pulled off the cup

Reading from left to right, the names of members of the winning team are: Messrs. C. P. and P. W. Nickalls, Major Pirie, and Mr. M. Nickalls

Successful Trout-Culture in New Zealand

A good catch of sixteen trout, weighing 40½ lb., caught in Gow's Creek, Otago, N.Z.

Up to 1867, there were no trout in New Zealand. In 1863, Francis Francis and Frank Buckland sent about five hundred trout eggs, part from the River Wey and part from the Itchen, to Tasmania

Two trout (8 lb. and 12 lb.), caught with minnow in the River Rangitata, N.Z.

In 1867, the Otago Acclimatisation Society got some eggs fr Tasmania, and now, in New Zealand, hundreds of rivers and lak are stocked with grand trout, which have been taken up to 30 lb. weight. The fishing is all free, all the angler has to pay is a f shillings for license, the money being used to keep up the stock

Basket of seventeen trout from 1 lb. to 13 lb., taken from the River Opihi, Canterbury, New Zealand

Mr. R. B. Marston, proprietor of the *Fishing Gazette*, has been promised by the President of the Ot go Acclimatisation Society a good supply of eggs from the best New Zealand trout to cross with our fish, and to try in such places as the new Blagdon Lake, near Bristol, where the trout average over 5 lb. and have been taken nearly 10 lb. in weight

Lawn-Tennis Notes

By H. S. SCRIVENER

A Gap in the Ranks

The most momentous piece of lawn-tennis news at the present time is, that Frank Riseley will not be able to play at Wimbledon, which probably means that he will also be unable to accept an invitation to represent England in the International competition, should he be asked so to do. Strict attention to business is stated to be the cause; but, whatever it is, it means an appreciable weakening of England's prospects for the great match. Riseley was our second string in Singles last year, and is, without much doubt, the most reliable man to pick for Single play after H. L. Doherty, assuming, of course, that "R. F." continues to confine himself to Doubles, as he did practically throughout the whole of last season. "H. L.," too, strained his side not so long ago, and, though he has been playing again since, and is reported sound, there must necessarily be some risk, within the next few weeks, of a return of the injury, so that it would be much more comforting to know that Riseley was a possible starter. He has been practising a good bit lately with S. H. Smith, and is, so the latter informs me, in capital trim. Let us hope, therefore, that if anything untoward happens, and the message, "England hath need of thee," has to be conveyed to him, he will be able to find the time, which barely exceeds the duration of an ordinary week-end outing, to strike a blow or two for his country.

Miss Nora Meyer

Who won the first racket awarded by THE BYSTANDER for umpiring. Miss Meyer is herself a prominent player, and took part in the Chiswick Park Tournament last week

What it Means to Smith

In the absence of Riseley, Smith will be partnerless at Wimbledon. The pair, as most people are aware, broke the sequence of the Dohertys' victory in the Doubles' Championship in 1902, but were dislodged again in 1903. They had another "go" at the brothers last year, and were hoping to have another still. The news came to Smith in a letter from Riseley, which he opened and read in my tent at Surbiton, and even Smith's well-known serenity was severely tested. With him it is a case of *aut Riseley aut nullus*, for he tells me that, if Riseley adheres to his resolution, he means to confine his attention to the Singles at Wimbledon.

A Survey of Surbiton

I suppose we all bore the intense cold of the two first days of the Surbiton meeting with equanimity, because we were morally certain that if it turned warmer it would rain, and the entry was such a big one that even a few hours' rain would have been fatal to an up-to-time finish. However, it turned warmer and it didn't rain, and so we got through—with one or two divisions in the handicaps. The "late birds" were, as usual, a great nuisance; but there were not so many of them as there are at most meetings round London. Of course, at some places, their exclusion would mean the loss of about half the entries, but Surbiton looks like being able to dispense with their presence altogether in time; and when it can, its popularity will be greater even than it is at present. The principal feature of the meeting was the extraordinarily good form shown by Miss Wilson. She developed a tendency to win love sets in a manner most disconcerting to her adversaries, and it is a rare thing for players of the standing of Miss Boothby and Miss Morton to have twelve games in succession scored against them. The score against Miss Morton was 6—3, 6—0, but her three games were won at the start, and Miss Wilson then ran straight out. Miss Wilson and Smith were also quite irresistible in the Mixed Doubles, and the latter has probably never been in such good form at the commencement of the season. He appears to me to use his lightning drive with more discretion than heretofore, and the gain in accuracy is considerable. Another noticeable thing at Surbiton was Miss Tulloch's play; she quite justified what I said about her last week by winning the Singles' Handicap with some ease. She is now good enough to go behind scratch.

The Allens a Little Below Par

I am such a firm believer in the strength of the Allens in Doubles, that I did not expect to see them beaten, even by two such masters of the game as Smith and Ritchie; but after winning the first set easily, they broke down in the one department of the game in which they are, and always have been, liable to be shaky—the hitting of the overhead balls; and their opponents were, of course, quick to take advantage of this. The combination of the winners was, moreover, better than I expected it to be, seeing that they were virtually a scratch pair. In the Singles, E. R. Allen was by no means at his best, and only played really well by fits and starts. He narrowly escaped defeat by A. E. Crawley, and in the final he seemed to have made up his mind that Smith must necessarily win. Yet, on his day, he is capable of

R. T. MacNair
One of the steadiest of players

holding his own with anyone, especially if he happens to fancy his chance. Smith *v.* Ritchie, in the semi-final, was a much better match, marred only by a somewhat plentiful crop of double faults on both sides.

A Revival at Leicester

The Leicester Tournament, which was one of the chief sufferers from the wet season of 1903, and was allowed to lapse last year sooner than risk a repetition of the financial losses which it had sustained, was successfully revived on the last three days of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Hillyard entertained a house-party at their home at Thorpe Satchville, near Melton Mowbray, which included R. F. Doherty, Dr. Eaves, Miss Pinckney, Miss Eastlake Smith, Miss Kentish, and C. H. L. Cazalet, and formed the nucleus of a most satisfactory entry. Three motor-cars were used for the journey to and from the scene of action, and the chance of seeing so many distinguished players attracted plenty of people to the ground, which, apart from its pleasant situation, is fortunate in possessing a fine covered stand for the accommodation of spectators. In the Gentlemen's Doubles, Hillyard played with Cazalet, and Doherty with Eaves, while in the Mixed Doubles the pairs were Doherty and Miss Eastlake Smith, Cazalet and Mrs. Hillyard, Eaves and Miss Kentish, and Hillyard and Miss Pinckney. Miss Douglass would have been there, too, but for the injury to her wrist, which, it now seems certain, will prevent her from defending the Ladies' Championship at Wimbledon.

H. S. Scrivener.

OUR UMPIRING PRIZE

The competition for the racket presented by The Bystander as a prize for umpiring, at the Surbiton lawn-tennis tournament, was a very keen one, and the labours of the executive were appreciably lightened by the incentive to umpiring which the chance of obtaining a good weapon afforded. By the end of the week, there were some five or six competitors in the running, and eventually the committee decided, as the meeting had been such a success, to supplement The Bystander's prize with three others of the value of ten shillings each out of the funds of the tournament. The racket was well won by Miss N. Meyer, one of the family of sisters who, besides being keen lawn-tennis players, have achieved some fame in the world of art. Miss Meyer not only did a good deal of umpiring, but did it extremely well. Her decisions are, as a rule, sound; she calls the score in a clear voice, which is heard and understanded of the people; and she is at home amid the mazes of owed and received odds. She, of course, played in the tournament, besides umpiring, and in the Ladies' Singles Handicap survived until the semi-final round, where she was only just beaten by the ultimate winner, Miss Tulloch. The supplementary prizes were awarded to Messrs. E. E. White, H. Comyn, and A. G. Hewat.

DO YOU WANT A CAR AT ONCE?

At the present moment, the automobile market is in a very curious condition, as there are such a very limited number of manufacturers who can give immediate delivery of cars. One might almost say that early delivery is out of the question with almost every maker. The would-be motorist may give his orders and specifications, and be ever so ready with his cheque-book, but no car results. A delay of two, three, and even four, and in some cases six, months is necessary, and this is rendered much more annoying by the fact that in them we usually get the very best of our summer weather. In pleasing contrast to this is the fact that Messrs. Donne and Willans (Ltd.), who are the sole agents in Great Britain and Ireland for the Rochet-Schneider output, can give immediate delivery of the cars made by this famous firm. Messrs. Donne and Willans are the sole agents for what they claim to be the "world's finest touring car," and those who require a 24-30 h.-p. or 35-40 h.-p. at once could not do better than have a trial run on an "R. and S." It may be remembered that it was an "R. and S." car which won the Gold Medal in the 1,000 miles reliability trials of the Automobile Club in September, 1903.

Mr. and Mrs. Hillyard and Master Hillyard

The Connoisseur

Ecuelle, with tray and cover
By Joh. Ekhardt Heugliu, of Augsburg, 18th century
From Mr. Starkie Gardner's "Old Silverwork" (Batsford)

Old Silver

Although we are justly proud of our own silverwork in England, when one considers the finest examples of this engaging craft, we must own that German influence is the mainspring of our best productions. The *chefs d'œuvre* of the Renaissance were made principally in Augsburg and Nuremberg, and the London silversmiths of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were undoubtedly vastly indebted to the devices and desires that were characteristic of German work.

In Mr. J. Starkie Gardner's splendidly illustrated volume on "Old Silverwork" (Batsford), he points out that nowhere, at the present time, can the development of the gold and silversmiths' crafts be illustrated so perfectly as in Germany. The great extent of territory, the wealth and importance of the cities and the independent principalities, have combined to preserve its treasures in gold and silver from the almost total annihilation which took place during the civil wars and religious troubles in France and England. In Spain and Italy, too, domestic plate of a century or so ago is, compared with that of Germany, exceedingly rare. Some, of course, of our own early work has remained in the hands of a few great houses, whose good fortune brought them through the civil wars, or whose prudence enabled them to survive the good old rule, the simple plan—

> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.

Among the most characteristic and charming examples in such a collection as Mr. Gardner illustrates, are the great scent jars of Charles II., the fine pilgrim bottles and great cups, bowls, and Monteiths —as an ingenious gentleman named the punch-bowl with rim for glasses, which he invented. But the utmost skill and craft is not displayed in these, but in such pieces as, say, that which represents Diana on a stag, and which, having been filled with liqueur, travelled about the table, impelled by means of clockwork concealed in the plinth.

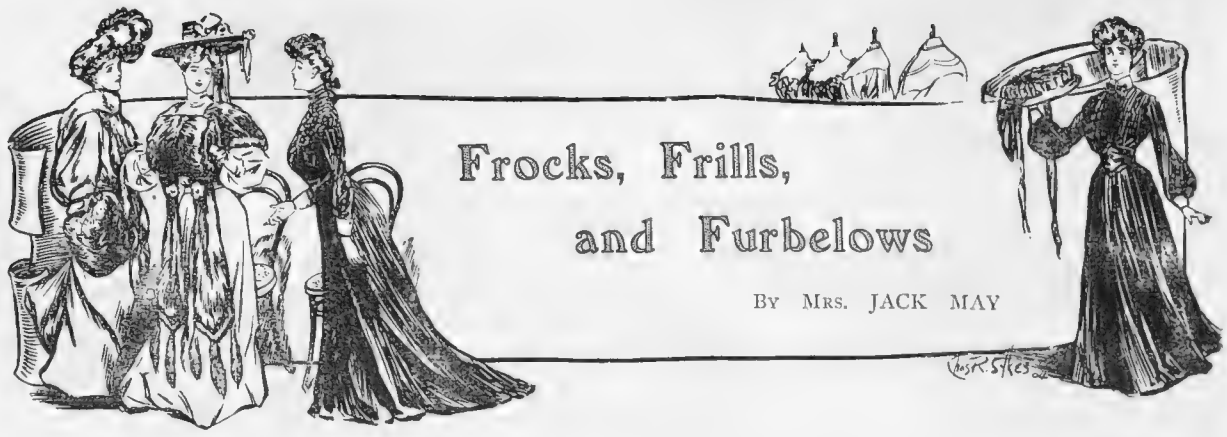
The Curious and the Beautiful

Beyond these constructions, which are often more curious than beautiful, what may be called the everyday pieces in use in palaces and great houses are of most interest, and generally of admirable design. For example, the *écuelle*, with tray and cover, is a low bowl or porringer, with handles, used for soup, an essential of the table throughout the Middle Ages. As Mr. Starkie Gardner says, in effect, this *écuelle*, anciently *escuelle*, was commonly of wood, and later of pewter, except in princely establishments. The inventory of Charles V. of France, 1380, contains six dozen of gold, eighteen dozen of silver-gilt, and over thirty dozen of silver. The handles of seventeenth and eighteenth-century examples were horizontal, and considerably and effectively pierced, to prevent over-heating, and attached for a good space to the rims. French examples have higher covers than the one we give. The low form was practically confined to Holland and Germany, where they remained longer in use than elsewhere. The design is most agreeable in all examples which we have seen.

Our second illustration shows the cover of a silver dish, or shallow bowl, of the seventeenth century, of which the second part is similar. It is of an uncommon design, and unusually handsome, showing some traces of German influence on London taste, but still retaining some characteristics of its own, especially in the workmanship. It is one of many pieces of the period which silversmiths of the present day would do well to study, for in knowledge of seventeenth-century work lies the regeneration of the not very happy position of our modern plate.

E. M.

Part of a covered dish, made in London, 1668
From Mr. Starkie Gardner's "Old Silverwork" (Batsford)



Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Preparations for Ascot

The near approach of the great race week is causing the usual flutter in the Peter Robinson Dovecote, situated in Oxford Street, although, be it quickly said, this fluttering is in no way apparent to the large army of window gazers, the exclusive models worthy of the cause being rigidly guarded in the innermost sanctuaries. And as access to this is a question of privilege, it would be manifestly unfair, both to the house of Peter Robinson and the *clientèle* of smart representative *élégantes*, who, year after year, are content to confide their modistic salvation wholly in this particular department, to do more than just whisper of these guarded treasures.

Foremost among them comes those lovely *chiné* mousselines of fairy filminess and exclusive design. One delicious confection carries a pattern of cherries, and is trimmed with white Irish lace and adorable *motifs* of palest green and palest blue ribbon, and little detached *flots* of soft *appliqué* lace.

Our Illustration

Then another, especially enchanting, has been sketched by our artist, and although a faithful representation of form is revealed, one cannot help regretting the absence of colour. That deep hem of pale, soft blue satin at the hem of the skirt, together with the little pleated *coquilles*, distributed so tastefully about the whole of the model, showing up so effectively against the background of white mousseline de soie, with its clustered *chiné* design of roses. And this frock, as behoves its modistic status, is completed by long sash ends.

Not for everyone, but a very assured triumph for the wearer happily attuned to its style, is a delicate chestnut brown ninon, mounted over pastel mauve, and trimmed with Broderie Anglaise silk, the same shade. And there are some perfectly exquisite lace toilettes, comprising two and three different *dentelles*; thus a coffee-tinted Cluny is mingled with an ivory thread lace insertion, and an exceptionally heavy raised white Irish crochet lace. But this story of Ascot gowns at Peter Robinson's can only be thoroughly realised and enjoyed by a personal visit to Oxford Street.

A Little Rift Within the Lute

A certain amount of chagrin appears to have arisen over the fact that the major portion of Princess Margaret of Connaught's trousseau was ordered in Paris. A Royal wedding is not an everyday event, and is an opportunity that would have caused most welcome diversion over here, after a succession of bad seasons. One milliner, however, has been honoured, in the person of Mrs. Oliver, 115, New Bond Street, she having been privileged to supply several hats, including the one the Princess will go away in, as a completion to a long white cloth coat. And this *chapeau* is the sweetest thing, more or less picturesque, of white crin, wider from side to side than through, the crown encircled to its summit by a full ruche of white tulle, into which clusters of pink rose-buds are tucked at intervals, a lovely pale blue ostrich feather curling quite over on to the hair at the back.

A delicate harmony of *pervenche* blue is carried out in *paille de riz*, and the new weeping ostrich feather caught in front by a *pervenche* rose. Then, a crowd of white roses forms the crown to a brim of white yedda, to which a smart mark of the moment is imparted by bizarre wings shading from blue to mauve. Through the folds of a neat, feather-weight dark blue yedda toque, some green flag leaves are thrust, the whole constructing a simple model, perfect in taste and style. Best congratulations to the *châtelaine* of 115, New Bond Street, on her Royal command.

Paquin

The reputation of this renowned establishment for creating Court gowns, that stand forth invariable and conspicuous successes, will be more than ever enhanced by the triumphs they have achieved this season. For picturesque Lady Eden, with her classic head, they have built an Empire gown of pale green lace over white satin and chiffon, tied about with a sash of exquisitely embroidered gold *galon*, over which is worn a train of gold tissue, softened by light draperies of mousseline de soie the same shade.

For Lady Borthwick, there has been arranged a train of white satin and mousseline de soie, with draperies of *point à l'aiguille* lace. This accompanies a gown of pink satin and white spotted tulle, the corsage trimmed with more of the lovely *point à l'aiguille* lace.

A creation of chaste elegance is of white satin Duchesse and rare old Brussels lace, completed by a train of white satin, lined through with gold tissue, the corners rolled back to form revers of gold. A scarf of the lace is flung down the length of the

MISS ELLEN TERRY writes:

Why She Wrote?

Last Easter Monday, on the front page of the "Daily Mail" appeared an advertisement of CANTRELL & COCHRANE. The gist of it was as follows:

From the

Famous Well of St. Patrick

AND THE

Cromac Springs of Ireland

(Both Sources are situated on Cantrell & Cochrane's property)

is drawn the Water used in the manufacture of Cantrell & Cochrane's various Brands of Aerated Waters, including their

Ginger Ale "Dry Imperial" and "Aromatic."

The Purity of the Water is Unquestionable. Cantrell & Cochrane have manufactured aerated waters for 53 years and have won in open competition 32 Gold and Prize Medal Awards. The cleanliness of manufacture and high quality of ingredients used make their beverages the most suitable for all households.

CANTRELL & COCHRANE, Ltd. (ESTAB. 1852)

D & H **Dublin Belfast Glasgow London**

"April, 1905.

"MISS ELLEN TERRY will thank Messrs. Findlater to send her some more of Cantrell & Cochrane's Delicious Ginger Ale (surely the best ever manufactured)—to the Duke of York's Theatre two dozen, and to her private address three dozen."

Miss Ellen Terry

one of the world's most famous actresses, whose good judgment is not inferior to her dramatic propensities, has given strong evidence of this fact in the letter reproduced above.

A SAMPLE CASE FOR 2s.

(Case, Bottles and Carriage Free.)

Readers of THE BYSTANDER may obtain a Sample Case containing Six Bottles of CANTRELL & COCHRANE'S Ginger Ale (3 "Dry Imperial" and 3 "Aromatic") for 2s., carriage paid. Send order, with remittance (P.O. or Cheque), to the London Agents, **FINDLATER, MACKIE, TODD, & CO., Findlater's Corner, London Bridge, S.E.**

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

QUICKEST AND MOST COMFORTABLE ROUTE

BETWEEN LONDON (EUSTON)

AND

BIRMINGHAM, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, THE NORTH, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, NORTH WALES, SHREWSBURY, BLACKPOOL, MORECAMBE, ENGLISH LAKES.

WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.		ROYAL MAIL AND EXPRESS ROUTES BETWEEN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.
London (Euston) and	Edinburgh in 8 hours.	Via Holyhead and Dublin (North Wall).
	Glasgow in 8 hours.	Via Holyhead and Kingstown.
	Aberdeen in 11½ hours.	Via Holyhead and Greenore.
	Inverness in 13½ hours.	Via Fleetwood and Belfast.
		Via Liverpool and Belfast.
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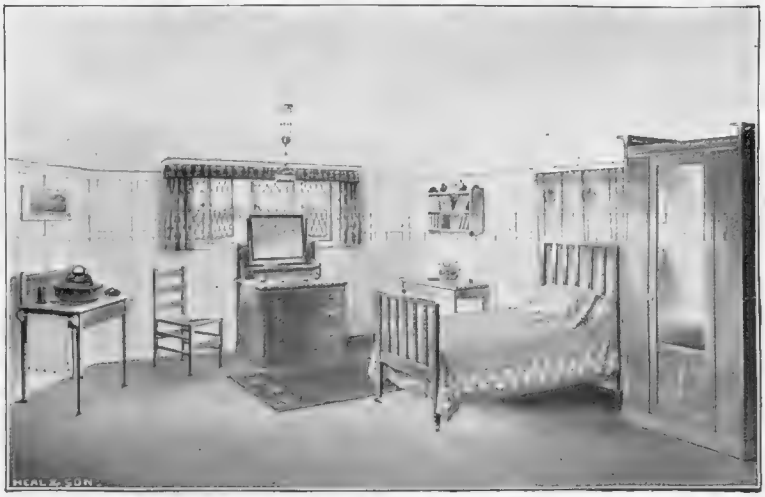

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A Woman's Note Book

Of Friendships—Platonic and Otherwise

Is it because we are growing unromantic that there has lately sprung up a kind of friendship between men and women, which would have surprised—perhaps shocked—our more formal and dignified ancestors? In those days, if a man showed a girl marked attention, he compromised himself; and the businesslike mamma, who was dreadfully officious, either promptly dismissed him, or received him in such a very decided manner, that it was henceforth almost impossible that he should dismiss himself, even if he wanted to. But now that mamma has retired into a much less aggressive place, and young people manage a good deal of their own affairs, we have a friendship between men and girls, which consists, or, at any rate, is supposed to consist, in a sort of comradeship. I think this friendship has only two aspects. In nine cases out of ten it ends in matrimony. It begins in comradeship, of course; it begins in playing tennis and other games, in taking walks and admiring the country, in going to picture galleries and becoming rapturous over Art, in having, in fact, a "great deal in common"; and it ends with the disastrous shock of finding there is only one person who knows how to appreciate Art; that Nature in so itude is hardly admirable; and that there is a gift even in the enjoyment of games of which the world at large has not learnt the secret.

But in the tenth case? Well, they do not get engaged; but even this, I argue, is because the girl does not make herself sufficiently attractive. She lets the friendship become a sort of easy-going schoolboy affair; she allows the man to be rude to her and call her nicknames; she is indifferent both about his manners and her own; and men do not like that sort of thing. They do not usually fall in love with girls unless they respect them, and this is only right and natural. Moreover, it is a woman's place, first to see that she is *respectworthy*, and then to insist upon respect. I do not think that a girl should ever allow a man to be rude to her, and yet dozens of girls permit men to speak to them in a manner that is only excusable in brothers at the schoolboy stage. So the tenth case is a failure, and, presumably, there is not yet such a thing as an ideal comradeship between men and girls. Indeed, by the present attempts, that do *not* end in marriage, girls are altogether spoiling the manners of the modern young man. Women are responsible; for a woman makes the laws in such a matter, and a woman is treated as she herself sets the fashion of being treated. Twenty years ago, no man would have dreamt of omitting the little civilities which many young men now consider too much of a bore to perform. There is such a thing as priggishness among girls, of course; but they do not err on this side, and it is generally a little more dignity that is desirable. A woman, as I said, creates her own surroundings, or *can* do so, and even the very nonchalant young man whom other girls have spoilt, makes an effort to amend his somewhat slovenly manners in the presence of one who expects what is due to her. LADY PHYLLIS.

New Ideas for Summer Dishes

Salmon Cream in Aspic
Lobster Cutlets
Filet de Bœuf à la Présidente
Asparagus Patties
Cucumber Cassolettes

SALMON CREAM IN ASPIC

Half a pound of cold cooked salmon, free from skin and bone, is sufficient for this dish. Chop it up into very small pieces, and pound it, with some thick white sauce, into a paste. Boil an egg hard. Line a mould, or several small moulds, with aspic, and, just before it sets, decorate with the chopped white of egg. Whip up the pounded salmon with the yolk of the hard-boiled egg and a little whipped cream. Fill the moulds, and pour a little aspic over. Serve, garnished with freshly sliced cucumber and cress.

LOBSTER CUTLETS

Remove all the flesh from a lobster, and cut it up into small pieces. Take the coral from the lobster, dry it, and pound it in the mortar with 1 oz. of butter, then pass it through a hair sieve. Put 1 oz. of flour and ½ oz. of butter into a stewpan, and mix them well over the fire; add one gill of water, and boil well. Then put in the coral butter, one tablespoonful of cream, a little salt and cayenne. Mix well, then add the lobster, and turn all out on a plate to cool; shape into cutlets, egg and breadcrumb each, and fry in a stewpan with plenty of fat. Dish the cutlets in a circle on a serviette, and ornament with fried parsley. A small piece of claw should be stuck into the end of each cutlet, to resemble a bone.

FILET DE BŒUF À LA PRÉSIDENTE

Trim from the fillet all superfluous fat, lard it and roast in the usual manner. When cooked, put aside to get cold. Dish up on a rice socle, and garnish with a "macedoine de légumes." The macedoine, which can be made of fresh or tinned vegetables, should be mixed with some thick mayonnaise; a few tomatoes are then cut in halves, seasoned, and the cavity formed by taking out the seeds, fill with the macedoine.

ASPARAGUS PATTIES

Clean a small bundle of green asparagus in the usual way, cut the soft portions in half-inch pieces, parboil, drain on a sieve. Slice eight or ten mushrooms, sauté them with the asparagus in butter, mix with a rich white sauce, and simmer for ten minutes, season with salt, pepper, and a little lemon juice. Have ready a number of small puff-paste cases, and fill them with the asparagus mixture. Put them in a hot oven for a few minutes, then dish up and serve.

CUCUMBER CASSOLETTES

Peel a cucumber, and then cut it into two and a half inch lengths, remove all the centre, leaving the sides as thin as possible. Place each piece of cucumber on a thin slice of tomato, and fill the hollow of the cucumber with the following: 4 oz. of cold minced chicken, a hard-boiled yolk of an egg, a tablespoonful of cream, and a little vinegar, pepper, and salt. Blend this all together, and garnish prettily with finely chopped parsley. EMILIA.

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THE ISLE OF MAN ELIMINATING TRIALS

The Eliminating Trials

Last Tuesday, racing cars kept Manxmen busy. Excursion boats poured eager spectators into Ramsey at an early hour, and at eight o'clock in the morning Quarter Bridge, the starting point, wore an animated appearance. At the instance of the Club officials, Mr. Alfred Bond, chairman of the races committee, traversed the southern half of the course on a 40 h.-p. Mercédès, Mr. Campbell Muir making a similar tour of the northern portion on a sister car. A trifle lumpy, but in good order, with no grease, was their report, while the mountainous portion of the track was pronounced free from fog. The rain and mists of the previous two days had given the authorities some little anxiety, and it was feared that owing to fog the road from Ramsey over Snae Fell, and nearly down to Willaston, would require controlling.

They are off!

At the wheel of a big red racer, a 70 h.-p. Star, Mr. H. Goodwin is No. 1. Ready on the line, he is off punctually at nine o'clock. His brother, Frederick, follows with another, a similar 70 h.-p. car; both get going sluggishly and noisily. Mr. A. Guinness, on his speedy Darracq, comes next, and is quicker away over the westrumited road than the first two. No. 4, a 90 h.-p. Wolseley, with Bianchi at the helm, disappears rapidly from sight in less than eighteen seconds. After him comes the first of the Napiers, an 80 h.-p. car, allotted to Mr. Cecil Edge, both this Napier and the previous Wolseley being racing cars built in 1904. At the expiration of the usual five-minute interval, Mr. W. C. Earp, also controlling a 1904 80 h.-p. Napier, gets off. On a new Napier, Mr. John Hargreaves is the next, a bit slow in getting away, and apparently not quite easy with his clutch. The Siddeley comes seventh—built by the Wolseley Company, with a vertical pattern engine of a reputed 100 h.-p., and of immense size, many fancy this car. The fact, too, that Mr. Sidney Girling, who drives it, was the only competitor who had previously raced in a Gordon Bennett contest, helps to make it a warm favourite. The Hon. C. S. Rolls, with a 90 h.-p. Wolseley, driven last year by Mr. Charles Jarrott, and Mr. A. Macdonald on a 90 h.-p. Napier, famous for its American successes, conclude the list.

Six Times Round the Isle of Man

Starting at Quarter Bridge, and finishing about a mile from Douglas, the roaring racers, roughly speaking, made a round of the island, travelling southwards to Ballasalla and Castleton, thence northwards to Foxdale Kirkmichael, and round to Ramsey. Turning here for home, they climbed the mountainous road nearly to the top of Snae Fell, whence they dropped down hill for several miles to Willaston, the beginning of the Douglas control. The length of this circuit is 51 miles 7 furlongs, and the winning

Photo by *Topical Agency*

The Gordon Bennett Eliminating Trials in the Isle of Man: Speeding up from Hillbury on a big 90 h.-p. Wolseley

This car, No. 4, was successfully driven by Bianchi, and, as a result, the pair will compete in the Gordon Bennett

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car went round the course no less than six times. All the towns mentioned above were controlled, and, as a further measure of precaution, corners and dangerous turns were flagged. Following Gordon Bennett practice, a large blue flag hung across the road, meant "Caution! corner to be negotiated within 300 yards," a large yellow flag signifying "Stop!". The difficulties caused by dust in previous races were largely eliminated by the plentiful use of "Dustroyd," a fluid prepared by a Liverpool firm. The action of this new road fluid apparently preventing dust being raised, even when a car is travelling at eighty miles an hour.

How They Eliminated Themselves

Mr. C. Bianchi (90 h.-p. Wolseley), well served by his mechanician, Wild, never made a mistake, or had any trouble. He finished second.

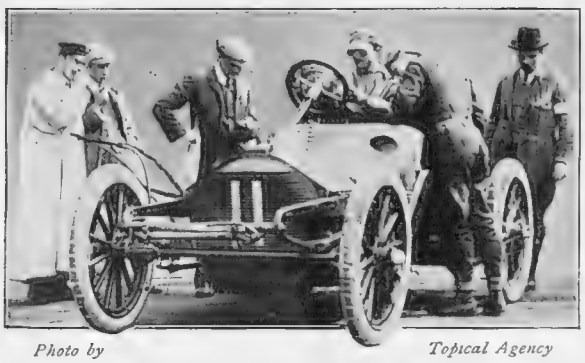

Photo by *Topical Agency*

Hon. C. S. Rolls starting on a 90 h.-p. Wolseley

This car, built last year, is the one which the same driver will handle in the coming race for the Gordon Bennett Cup

Mr. W. C. Earp (80 h.-p. Napier) ran round six times, without any trouble. He made the fastest running of the day.

* * *

Mr. F. Goodwin (70 h.-p. Star) lost eight minutes through having to change his sparking plugs. Both the red Star cars suffered from misfiring, travelling, in consequence, at a poor speed.

* * *

Mr. Cecil Edge (80 h.-p. Napier) suffered from tyre troubles. He also lost time owing to a defective coil, but was able to borrow a spare one from Macdonald. He completed four rounds.

* * *

The 100 h.-p. Siddeley jammed its change speed lever. Later on, too, a worse trouble befel Girling's racer: the steering gear broke at St. Jude's, near Ramsey, and the car overturned. He and his mechanician were thrown about eight yards. Fortunately, neither were hurt.

* * *

The Hon. C. S. Rolls (90 h.-p. Wolseley), who drove as well as anyone—finishing third—broke the wire stay spokes on his front wheel. He had to take his car part way up a bank to avoid a dog in the Douglas control.

* * *

Mr. A. Guinness (90 h.-p. Darracq) retired, owing to a cracked piston and a broken connecting rod.

* * *

Mr. Macdonald (90 h.-p. Napier) suffered from ignition troubles, and had difficulty with his change speed mechanism. What finally stopped the six-cylinder Napier, however, was a comparatively easy corner near Ramsey. Taking it too fast, the car struck the kerb, buckled the wheel, and bent the axle.

* * *

Mr. J. Hargreaves (80 h.-p. Napier) lost a quarter of an hour through stopping his engine—his starting handle clutch getting out of order, his car had to be restarted by pushing. A stoppage in the petrol feed and a troublesome clutch also helped to ruin the chances of this fine Napier.

The Times and the Team Selected

The fastest running time was made by Mr. Clifford Earp (80 h.-p. Napier), his time for the six circuits being 7 hours 52 minutes, an average speed of 43·5 miles per hour. Mr. Bianchi (80 h.-p. Wolseley), taking 7 hours 55 minutes 13 seconds, was a good second, his rate of travelling being 42·8 miles an hour. The Hon. C. S. Rolls, who took third place, travelled at a considerably slower rate, averaging only 35·8 miles an hour. These speeds are by no means sensational; in fact, even allowing for the difficulties of the Isle of Man course, they seem poor. The fact that our representatives in the Gordon Bennett race will all drive cars constructed in 1904 is curious. It seems to

Photo by *Topical Agency*

Mr. Clifford Earp preparing to start

At the wheel of his 80-h.-p. Napier, he completed six rounds without any trouble, making the fastest running of the day, and is naturally included in the English Gordon Bennett team

point to the fact that insufficient time and attention were bestowed on the tuning-up process of the new 1905 cars. I append the actual team which is to compete for the coveted cup:—Mr. W. C. Earp, 80 h.-p. Napier; Hon. C. S. Rolls, 90 h.-p. Wolseley; Mr. C. Bianchi, 90 h.-p. Wolseley; with Mr. J. Hargreaves, 80 h.-p. Napier, and Cecil Edge, 80 h.-p. Napier, as the reserves. I wish them the best of luck, but I cannot say that I think England's chances are great.

Alfred C. Hunter.

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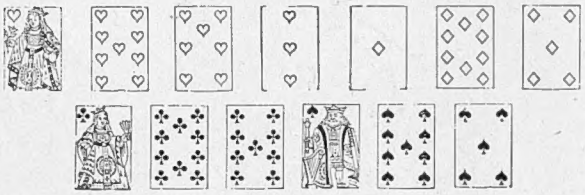
Eleventh Weekly Competition

WHAT DO YOU DO AS DUMMY, AND WHY?

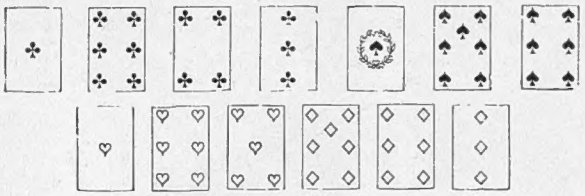
PROBLEM XXXI.

Game All: Dealer, Love; Adversaries, 24.



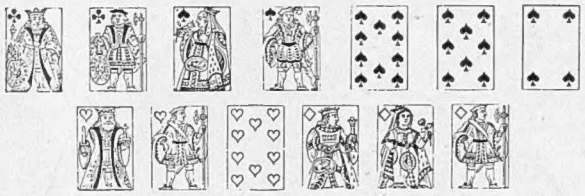
PROBLEM XXXII.

Game All: Love-all.



PROBLEM XXXIII.

Game All: 18-all.



Unless otherwise specified, it is the first game of the rubber.

What You Have to Do

1. Herewith, three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, with Problem XXXI., if you think the right answer is "No Trumps," take half a sheet of notepaper and write the words "No Trumps." After that, you say, in as few words as possible, your reason for the declaration.

2. Having answered the three problems—with the reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly.

3. Give your solutions of the eleventh week's problems set here, as already explained; then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines on the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and stick this token on the top of your solutions. The solutions of the competition given herewith must reach the office not later than the first post on Monday, June 12, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked at top of left side of envelope, "Competition."

NOTE.—*Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes, should they gain them.*

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

NINTH WEEK—PROBLEMS XXV. AND XXVI.

By an oversight, the score of Problem XXVII. was not printed. It has, therefore, seemed fairer to all the competitors to give marks only for Problems XXV. and XXVI.

The FIRST PRIZE, Two Guineas, is awarded to:

J. Mack, Esq., 142, Alexandra Road, London, N.W.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, consisting of BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, are awarded to:

Stanley A. Chappell, Esq., 6, Langland Mansions, Finchley Road, N.W.

F. W. Ridley, Esq., Willimoteswick, Coatham, Redcar.

QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—The following are the marks gained by Competitors for solving Problems XXV. and XXVI. in our Quarterly Competition:—

10, Alexander, Croft, Edgbaston, Fantôme, Lance Fieldoak, Luppy, Sackbut; 9, Frimley, Peter, Scrap-heap, Soberton, Willimoteswick; 8, Arrow; 7, Blockhead, C.A.M., Mucross; 5, Alleyn, Bulbs, Bis dat, Cave Canem, Carshalton, Cigarette, Darkie, Dogger, Fen, Grosvenor, Horatio, Ingatestone, Kapakowrie, Kirkland II., Mendip Lodge, Miles, Norham, Not 'Arf, Oltonia, Overbury, P.M.S., Pellon, Pons, Primrose, Puffin Boy, Purley, Queen's, Raniput, Special Scotch, Spolnud, Student, Tarbet, Viking, Watadam, Whatley, White Cat; 4, Albert, Ap Twm, Awapuni, Bognor, Bridge of Sighs, Brown Cat, Captain Cuttle, Gamndim, Ina I., Joker, Kirkland I., Lucia, Moth, Mugwump, Noxious, Royal, Seivad, Simplex, Soberton, Strategy, Swansfield, Tic-tac, Trial, Trixie, Tylhus, Weston, York; 3, Blue, Chippie, Cumtux, Eblow, Ina II., Mad, Toil; 2, Badger, Dunmarklyn, Elmwood, Lilian, Pool, Scrutator, Trixie, Wantacas, Waverley.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS XXV. AND XXVI.

PROBLEM XXV.—Clubs. At this stage in the game, a purely defensive spade declaration is of very little use. Declare spades, and it is a possible three-trick hand. It is wisest to make the best offensive declaration; and, if clubs are evenly divided, it is a possible five-trick hand. You must take the risk of clubs being doubled; it is not a great risk.

PROBLEM XXVI.—No-trumps. It is not a no-trumper, since it has two suits unprotected. But at the score, the bold game is your only chance. The only other possible call is spades; and your chance of saving the odd, much less of going out, is small indeed. If your partner holds enough to save the game in spades, he probably holds enough to win it in no-trumps.

We have allotted the following *nom de guerre*:—M. E. N., "Elmwood"; G. A. T., "Whatley"; C. M., "Dunmarklyn"; P. M. C., "York"; J. A. A., "Tarbet"; A. S. M.M., "Norham"; E. M., "Ingatestone."

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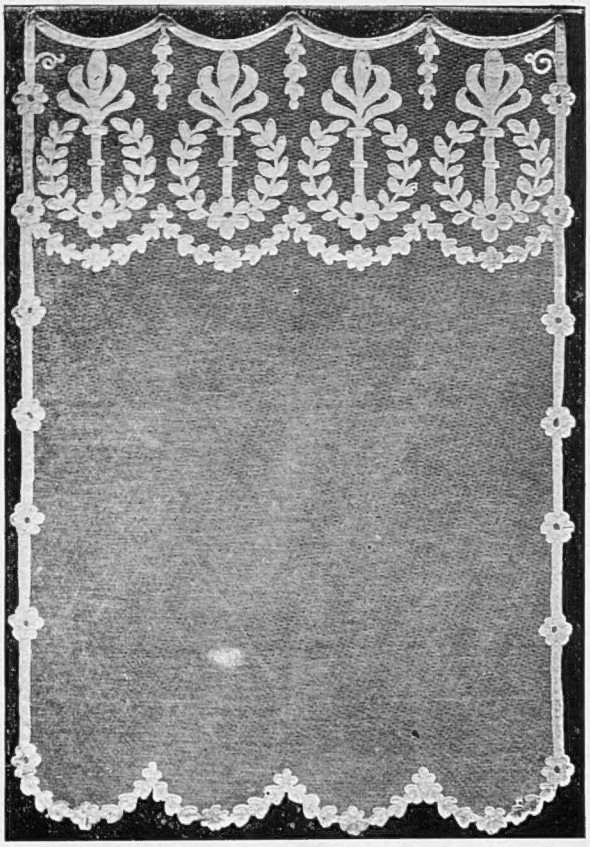

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24in. wide, 36in. long
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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Whitsuntide on the Continent

Cheap tickets, available for eight days, will be issued to Brussels, June 7 to 10 inclusive, and June 12. Cheap tickets, available for seven days, will be issued to Liége, for its exhibition, *viâ* Harwich and Antwerp. Dining and breakfast cars are run between London and Parkeston Quay, Harwich, on the Antwerp service. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning, and Liége at noon, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting The Hague, The Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bale for Switzerland, special facilities are offered *viâ* the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route. A corridor train, with vestibuled carriages, dining and breakfast cars, is run on the Hook of Holland service between London and Harwich. From the Hook of Holland, through carriages and restaurant cars are run in the North and South German express trains to Cologne, Bale, and Berlin, reaching Cologne at noon, Bale and Berlin in the evening. For the convenience of passengers, tickets dated in advance can be obtained at the Liverpool Street Station Continental Enquiry Office. The Royal Danish Mail steamers of Det forenede Dampskibs Selskab of Copenhagen will leave Harwich for Esbjerg (on the West Coast of Denmark) on Thursday, June 8, and Saturday, June 10; returning Tuesday, June 13, and Wednesday, June 14. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich on June 7 and 10 for Hamburg, returning June 11 and 14.

L. and N.W.R. Whitsuntide Arrangements

The London and North Western Railway Company announce that the ticket offices at Euston, Broad Street, Victoria (Pimlico), Kensington, and Willesden Junction, will be open throughout the day, from Monday, June 5, to Monday, June 12, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains, and so avoid the crush at the stations. Tickets, dated to suit the convenience of passengers, can also be obtained at any time (Sundays and Bank Holidays excepted) at the Town Receiving Offices of the Company. Additional express trains will be run, and special arrangements made in connection with the London and North Western passenger trains for the Whitsuntide holidays. Tourist tickets are now issued daily to Scotland, North, South and Central Wales, Cambrian Line stations, Ireland, Blackpool, Southport, Morecambe, Windermere, Grange, Ulverston, the English Lake District, Leamington, Buxton, Malvern, Scarborough, and other seaside and inland watering-places. For full particulars, see the Company's announcements.

The Great Northern Railway and Whitsuntide

The Whitsuntide holiday programme of the Great Northern Railway aims this season at being more extensive and varied than usual. The Company announce that they will run special cheap excursion trains from London and suburban stations, as follows: Friday, June 9, for eight or seventeen days, to certain stations in the North Eastern districts of England, and also to Scotland. On Friday night, June 9, special excursions for three, six, or eight days, leave King's Cross for the chief points of interest in the Midlands, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Lancashire. On Saturday, June 10, cheap express excursions, for three, six, or eight days, leave for the principal stations in the Norfolk district, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, North East of England, etc. The attractions of the Lincolnshire Coast are being prominently brought under the notice of the public, for special excursions are leaving King's Cross for Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe, on Saturday, June 10, for three or four days; Monday, June 12, for one, three, or four days. On Whit-Monday there will be cheap trips to Grantham and Nottingham for half, one, two, or three days, and to St. Albans, Hertford, Harpenden, Luton, Hitchin, Letchworth (Garden City), Cambridge, Huntingdon, Peterborough, and other places *en route* for half or one day. To facilitate departure from King's Cross, tickets dated in advance will be issued at King's Cross (G.N.R.), Victoria (S.E. and C.R.), Ludgate Hill, Aldersgate, Farringdon Street, the suburban stations, and the various ticket offices.

F. D. B. Segars

Freeman's Darvel Bay Segar, which has already found much favour with smokers, may be said to be the outcome of the rapid strides made by Borneo as a tobacco-producing country. The first plantations were opened up in 1886, and within three years such a degree of excellence had been attained that the prize for the finest specimens of Colonial grown tobacco, offered by the London Chamber of Commerce, was awarded to Borneo. The tobacco thus found to be the finest produced in the British Empire was grown on what are known as the "Darvel Bay" Estates, situated in the North-East portion of the island. The development of the industry has been rapid, the exports rising in value from 39,775 dollars in 1886 to 1,710,630 dollars in 1901. Unfortunately for smokers, the title "Darvel Bay" cannot be registered, for being geographical, it may be as honestly applied to the worst as to the best of that particular growth, so that it should be the concern of all who appreciate Borneo tobacco to take care that they procure that particular brand which has been stamped with the hall-mark of their approval. Should this segar be the favoured one, it will be necessary, when repeating the order, to ask for F.D.B. (Freeman's Darvel Bay), and to see that the trade mark—a flying horse—appears on every box. These excellent segars are sold at 3*d.* each, five for 1*s.*, and 9*s.* 6*d.* per box of fifty.

Princes' Hall Restaurant

The alterations at Princes' Restaurant have caught on, and every day the beautiful dining-room is thronged with visitors, amongst whom have been the following: Lord Devon, Mrs. Washington Singer, the Earl and Countess of Lathom, Sir William Agnew, Sir Thomas Sutherland, Lord Anglesey, Sir James Miller, Lord Francis Scott, and the Maharajah of Kaburthala and party. The Canada Club, with Lord Strathcona in the chair, entertained the Earl of Minto.

Messrs. Savory and Co.

Messrs. H. L. Savory and Co., 47, Piccadilly, W., Cigarette Manufacturers by Royal Warrant of Appointment to H.M. King Edward VII., H.M. the King of Italy, H.M. the King of Portugal, caution the public against the close imitation of their scarlet cigarette boxes.

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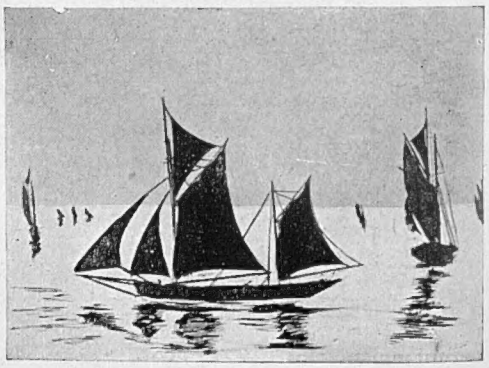

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